



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

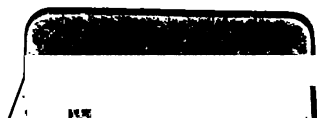
About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





600023968Y



THE SPIRIT OF TRAVEL.

THE
SPIRIT OF TRAVEL,

BY

CHARLES PACKE,

OF THE INNER TEMPLE.



Hæc ego mecum
Compressis agito labris: ubi quid datur oti
Illudo chartis: hoc est mediocribus illis
Ex vitiss unum.
HORACE, *Satires*, Book I. Sat. 4, line 138.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL,
193, PICCADILLY.
1857.

203. cl. 141.

PREFACE.

La dernière chose qu'on trouve, en faisant un ouvrage, est de savoir celle qu'il faut mettre la première.—PASCAL.

I SCARCELY know what excuse to offer for giving the following pages to the public. When I first commenced stringing together these notes of my last summer excursion, it was merely for my own gratification; but as the work progressed, I found myself unwilling that the result should be confined only to myself, and am induced to hope that to my personal friends, at all events, I may impart some portion of the pleasure which I have felt in retracing my steps upon the map. At any rate, I can say with old Montaigne:—

“Even though no one read me, I have not lost my time, in having passed so many of my idle hours in thoughts so profitable and so agreeable.”

I cannot hope to allure any one by the novelty of the subject. The narratives of summer tours in all parts of the world, that annually appear in print, at least keep pace with the increasing taste for travel; and if I can take no credit for having gone off the beaten track, this must not be altogether laid to my disadvantage. It is a great weakness on the part of travellers always to extol chiefly what they think fewest people have seen or can see.

“The Spirit of Travel” is, I fear, somewhat too pretentious a title for so insignificant a work; but my aim has not been to make a book merely descriptive of the country through which I travelled, but to convey some general idea of the impressions and fancies which this tour left upon my mind. Perhaps, also, some of the

hints on "The Art of Travel," in countries more civilised than the scene of Mr. Galton's explorations, may not be found altogether useless. I have thought it unnecessary to prefix a map of Switzerland, as the excellent one of Keller, which, I could only repeat, is within the reach of all who care to consult it. On reperusing my manuscript, I have been startled by the very frequent occurrence of the invidious pronoun *I*; but as I do not pretend to having crossed any difficult passes, or ascended mountains which are not accessible to all, I must hope for the indulgence of my readers to a fault which is more easily pointed out than corrected; for, after all, egotisms in writing are not improved by being converted into nostracisms.

In conclusion, I must be allowed to state, that as the following pages have been written chiefly for my own pleasure, I have not scrupled to avail myself of the writings of others, wherever I have happened to light on a passage altogether

coinciding with my own formed opinion; and if even with this assistance I am not always able to convince the reader, and bring him over to my own way of thinking, let him remember I have no wish to dogmatise, but only to dispel prejudice, and suggest ideas.

London, 1856.

THE SPIRIT OF TRAVEL.

Πλαγκτοσύνης δὸνκ ἔστι κακώτερον ἄλλο Βροτῶσιν. *

ODYSSEY xv. 343.

"*Fainall*.—He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel.

"*Mirabel*.—For travel! Why, the man I mean is above forty.

"*Fainall*.—No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of England that all Europe should know we have fools of all ages."—

CONGREVE, "Way of the World." Act I., § i.

"Indiscrette nation, nous ne nous contentons pas de faire sçavoir nos vices et folies au monde, par reputation; nous allons aux nations étrangères, pour les leur faire voir en présence."—MONTAIGNE, i., ess. 27.

It was to little purpose that Congrève and Montaigne sought to ridicule the absurd mania for travel which dragged the fine gentleman of France and England, in their days, from his quiet house in the country, to spend his patrimony among a foreign people; and considering the wonderfully increased

* "Of all the ill unhappy mortals know,
A life of wandering is the greatest wo."—POPE.

facilities of locomotion, which the inventions of two centuries and the restless spirit of the age have brought about, it would be strange if the people of either country in the present day were content to spend their life in a retirement, to which the inconveniencies and dangers of quitting it could not reconcile their forefathers. The difference is, that what in those days was only indulged in by the rich man of fashion as a finish to his education, is now become to all but the very poorest an annual recreation almost necessary. The impetus of the excitement produced by change of scene seems required to carry us over the dead point in the year's revolution, as the deserted streets of London during August and September, and the scanty working staff, which can barely keep in action the energies of the metropolis, sufficiently testify.

Indeed, in this passion for travelling, England seems to have gone ahead of all other nations; though this Yankeeism reminds me that I should, perhaps, except our transatlantic kindred. It is our boast, I believe, that "French is the patois of Europe, but English is the language of the world;" but certainly, in many parts of the continent, owing to the influx of John Bull and brother Jonathan, English is the language that falls oftenest upon our ears in a mixed society; and he who has made a tour through Switzerland or Italy during the long vacation must confess that times are strangely altered since Virgil wrote;* "Et toto penitus divisos orbe Bri-

* Ecl. i., line 67.

tannos," (Britons completely divided from the whole world), though if it be taken in a figurative and ethical sense, with regard only to our manners and habits, he will probably think it may very well apply.

The English whom we meet with abroad may be divided into two classes. There is a certain section of our countrymen whose aim seems, to be

" Natives whereso'er they roam,
And only travellers at home." *

These make it their practice to deny the customs and manners of their native land; and their boast is, that by a residence abroad they have become completely Gallicised or Italicised. But the attempt to shake off their nationality is a miserable failure, and in affecting the habits of the country which they would fain adopt, they succeed only in those that are least worthy of imitation. Others there are, and these by far the most numerous, who belong to the regular John Bulls; who with little knowledge of any language except their own, and totally ignorant of the usages of foreign society, like the Greeks can only conceive the word foreigner as synonymous with barbarian; and with them patriotism is an equivalent for prejudice. Let them take heed that they meet not with the same retort which Anacharsis replied to a certain petulant Greek, who reproached him with being a Scythian; " My country, perhaps, may disgrace me, but you disgrace your country." These are the kind of people of whom Montaigne

* Butler.

complained in his time :* “ I am ashamed to see my countrymen besotted with this foolish humour of quarrelling with all manners contrary to their own. They seem out of their element, when out of their own village. Wherever they go, they keep their own fashions, and hate those of strangers. If they meet a fellow-countryman in Hungary, they rejoice at their good luck ; they hail each other, and cling together, that they may rail at the barbarous customs which they see ; for barbarous they will call them, since they are not French. Indeed, those are reckoned to have made the best use of their time who rail most at what they have seen. Most of them, from the moment of starting, only look to their return : in their travels they are close and reserved, wrapped in a prudent silence that holds no communication, as though preserving themselves from the contagion of an unknown air.”

“ The greatest effort,” writes Mr. Ruskin,† “ ought especially to be made by all wise and far-sighted persons, in the present crisis of civilization, to enforce the distinction between wholesome reform, and heartless abandonment of ancestral custom ; between kindly fellowship of nation with nation, and ape-like adoption by one of the habits of another. It is ludicrously woful to see the luxurious inhabitants of London and Paris rushing over the Continent (as they say to see it,) and transposing every place, as far as lies in their power, instantly into a likeness of

* Book iii. c. 8. † “ Modern Painters,” vol. iii. p. 301.

Regent-street and the Rue de la Paix, which they need not certainly have come so far to see."

Before any one sets out on his travels, let him ask himself the question whether he belongs to either of these classes; and should he have any doubt, let him not be deceived by his self-indulgence: he will do better to stay at home. If he would hope to derive pleasure from the journey, he must be able to say of himself with Montaigne:* "It is not because Socrates has said so, but because it is in truth my own humour, and perhaps too much so. I look upon all men as my countrymen, and embrace a Pole just as I would a Frenchman, preferring the universal and common tie to this which is only national. I am not much struck with the sweetness of my native air: acquaintances wholly new, and of my own making, appear to me worth quite as much as those other common and chance ones which I make with my neighbours: friendships that are purely of our own acquiring, ordinarily surpass those to which we are joined by the ties of country or blood. Nature has placed us in the world free and unbound."
"These reasons set aside, travel is in my opinion a profitable exercise: the soul therein finds continual employment in remarking things new and unknown; and I do not know, as I have often said, a better school wherein to form my own life, than by constantly setting before it the diversity of so many types of life, fancies, and usages, and making it

* Book iii. c. 8.

relish so perpetual a variety of the forms of our nature. The body is therein neither idle nor overworked; and this moderate motion puts it in health.”* And elsewhere he instructs us that the intercourse with a variety of men, and the visiting strange countries, is of vast use, not merely that we may bring back, as was the mode with the French gentlemen of his day, the exact height of the Pantheon, or the value of the fine linen of the Empress Livia; or as was the custom of the savant, “how much longer or shorter the face of Nero on some ancient statue might be than his likeness on some old medal,” but to notice accurately the tempers and habits of different nations, and fine and sharpen our intellects by contact with others.

The more the traveller carries with him, the more he will bring home. Some there are, whose sole object seems to be to get over a certain amount of country in a given time.

“Visere gestiens,
Quâ partè debacchentur ignes,
Quâ nebulæ pluviique rores.”

They have gone abroad to do the country, and they will submit to a considerable amount of discomfort and extortion, and debar themselves of all enjoyment on their tour; that they may on their return home astonish their friends with accounts of how much

* Montaigne i. c. 25.

they have seen in a given space of time. Their entertainment consists, as Shakespeare describes,

“ In talking of the Alps, and Appenines,
The Pyrenean, and the river Po.”

King John, Act. i. sc. 1.

They seem to forget the caution given by Addison, that “learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.” *

“ Quæ tellus sit lenta gelu, quæ putris ab æstu ;
Ventus in Italiam quis bene vela ferat.”—PROPERTIUS.

Others there are, who go abroad from a still lower motive. Champagne and paté-de-foie-gras are the only inducements that could drag them across the water; and they estimate the beauty of the country they go over, as a hackney coachman measures his stages, by the amount of good liquor he consumes.

I remember once hearing of a clergyman, who on going abroad playfully described his object to a friend, as being “to relax his morals,” a principle I am afraid prevalent with too many of my countrymen, whose notion of the freedom of travel appears to consist very much in emancipation from the usual restraints of morality. Seeing the world, seems often to be thought to lie in seeing its vices, and the better to

* “Spectator,” 105.

see them in practising them a little or a great deal. The unhappy truth is that the vices of the world are much the same everywhere, and that nothing is less new and strange, and nothing so wholly useless as an object for the travellers' research, as the follies and wickedness of mankind. A hell in Jermyn-street is as good a school for those who want to feel the excitement of gambling as the saloons of Ems and Baden-Baden. The faubourgs of Paris can add nothing to the experience of the roué of the Hay-market. There is indeed nothing that a man can less afford to leave at home than his conscience or his good habits: there is far more reason for tightening the girth of duty many holes, than for letting it out one. For it is not to be denied that travel is, in its immediate circumstances,—as all times of varied and engrossing pleasure, or continual excitement are,—unfavourable to habits of self-discipline, regulation of thought, sobriety of conduct, and dignity of character. Indeed, one of the great lessons of travel is the discovery how much our virtues owe to the support of constant occupation, to the influence of public opinion, and to the force of habit; a discovery very dangerous, if it proceed from an actual yielding to temptations resisted at home, and not from a consciousness of the increased power put forth in withstanding them. So many men of all ages return from over the water with a lower tone of character, a painful knowingness of air and looser habit of speech, leaving beyond the Alps faith and respect to God and man, that a solemn protest seems required against

the counsel sometimes given by good men to travellers, to allow their moral fastidiousness and gravity a temporary vacation, and to take advantage of their incognito to see what they cannot see at home. The prudent course is the very opposite to this. Where you are not known, you are in double danger from vice. If you go not into temptation at home, go directly away from it abroad: the greater the immunity for folly, the more perilous its practice. But the relaxation of personal morals is not the only form of softened virtue to which foreign travel disposes us. Many men who preserve the strictness of their conduct, abandon the strictness of their moral standard in going through foreign countries. They seem to mistake for that easy temper, readiness to be pleased, and engaging disposition so essential to the traveller, a looseness of moral estimates, a dulness of moral discrimination, and an indifference to truth and duty, which are neither right nor useful, neither philosophical nor Christian, at home or abroad. "Bad examples," says Archbishop Whately, "do much the most harm amongst those who do not follow them: either by driving us into an opposite extreme, or by making us too easily satisfied with ourselves. For *one* who is corrupted by becoming as bad as a bad example, there are *ten* that are debased by becoming *content* with being *better*." True charity of judgment implies the existence and maintenance of an absolute standard of right; and in judging the manners, customs, and characters of the most unprivileged and least civilized people, we have

only the same measuring rod to apply, which we use towards the most favoured and advanced community. As geometry uses but one rule in getting the altitude of an alp or a hillock, so morality has but one standard for London and Vienna, St. James's and the Tuilleries. Right and wrong are not, thank God, accidents of place and time; and the traveller who fancies himself cosmopolitan in seeing little to choose in customs, creeds, and countries, is merely careless and indifferent, and much like the sailor who owes his impartiality for place to his having no home any where.

An intellectual laxity is as unfavourable to advantageous travel, as personal vice or moral indifference. And yet nothing is more common than to commend the traveller for throwing aside his theories, sinking his philosophy, and paying attention only to the report of his eyes: "What we want," says the philosophical reader, "are facts—clean, unembarrassed, colourless facts; and he is the true traveller who knows how to collect and report them." There can be no greater fallacy than this popular and wise-sounding apophthegm. What we want are not facts, but selected facts,—facts as they appear to a thoughtful and discriminating observer of his race, who to a mind disciplined by an acquaintance with the best literature, unites original habits of thought, a poetic feeling, and a strong sense of religion. Such a one is alone competent to illustrate the meaning and beauty of the visible world, and its secret relations to the soul of man, which after all is the atmosphere

that gives to a description of material objects their freshness and colouring. His thoughts harden to form his facts, and dissolve into sentiment with equal readiness.

There is, however, a limit to the period when one travels with most advantage. It must be before the senses have lost their keenness or the muscles their pliancy and endurance; before the sensibility to what is novel and amusing, and the taste for variety, have declined. Foreign travel fails to be an advantage when it ceases to be a pleasure; and one may by mere lapse of time become so wedded to certain modes of life, and ways of thought and occupation, as to find nothing but annoyance and antagonism in what most charms and amuses a younger and fresher mind. It is a practice with many to prescribe foreign travel as they would any other medicine for a diseased mind or body; and only to go abroad when a long year, or series of years, spent in the labours of a profession, have woefully reduced the intellectual powers and vital energies. With a temper of mind disposed to exaggerate the inconveniencies, and a constitution ill fitted to support the occasional fatigue and hardships of travel, they drag themselves from the ease and comforts of home; and then complain that the enjoyment of the tour falls far short of what they anticipated. Doubtless, travelling is an excellent thing for certain kinds of chronic illness; but no illness of any kind is a good thing for travelling. Travelling to the highest advantage demands vigorous health, sound muscles,

good lungs, healthy senses, and elastic spirits. Change of scenery and a sunny sky may bring a temporary relief; but too soon we shall be convinced, that in changing the climate we do not change the mind :

“ *Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt,*”—

HORACE.

Of the thousands of my countrymen who annually cross the water, how many do so from the hope that “abroad” they may not only escape the toil of their daily pursuits, but “the biting care which climbs the brazen steep,” the disquiet of a querulous and dissatisfied spirit, or the pangs of a conscience-stricken breast! For these the philosophic poet seems to have written in vain that no one can escape himself by flying from his country.

“ *Patriâ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?*”

For my own temporary expatriation last summer I can offer no better excuse than that which Montaigne makes for me: “*Je reponds ordinairement a ceux qui me demandent raison de mes voyages, que je sais bien ce que je fuis, mais non pas ce que je cherche;—c’est toujours gain de changer un mauvais état à un état incertain;*” or as our own poet* has expressed it :

“ *Impelled, with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view—
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow flies—
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.*”

* Goldsmith.

I am not going to write a journal of all that I saw and did during a six weeks' ramble; tours in Switzerland have been already often enough described; and I know from experience that this sort of literature, a kind of prose *Odyssey*, of which the author constitutes himself the hero, is far more gratifying to the writer than to the readers. Still, to retrace on paper the scenes through which he has wandered, to recall the pleasures and difficulties of the journey, and to acknowledge the many acts of kindness of those who are not forgotten, though we never meet again, is not the least part of the enjoyment derived from a tour in foreign lands. In travelling alone one has greater opportunity for reflection—*πολλὰς ὁδοὺς ἐλθόντα φρόντιδος πλάναις* *—and as I did so for the first time this summer, some of the things that occurred to me I am anxious to note down before they are altogether forgotten.

It was on the night of Tuesday, the 28th of August, that I crossed from Southampton to Havre in the "Alliance" steamer. The moon was shining full and very brightly, and the tremulous rays gleamed upon Southampton Water no less brilliantly than those which I watched a month later sparkling on the Lake of Lucerne. The weather was most beautiful, and I had been tempted to take the long passage by the calmness of the sea; but as I looked upon the placid surface of the water,

"Subdola cum ridet placidi pellacia ponti," †

* "Having gone long journeys in the paths of thought"—*SOPHOCLES*, *Œd. Tyr.*, line 68.

† *Lucretius*.

my mind misgave me, and I could not help recalling what is recorded by Plutarch of Cato the Censor, that he repented but of three actions in his life—of having told a secret to his wife, of having passed a useless day, and of having gone in a ship where he might have gone by land. Virgil warns us

“ Tædet pelagi perferre laborem ;”

and it is said somewhere that the man who would go to sea for pleasure would go to hell for pastime.

“ These thoughts like torrents rushed along,
To sweep away my purpose strong ;”

but it was now too late to repent. I had not been long on board before we were off. For the first hour and a-half we steamed on quietly enough ; but after rounding the Nab Light symptoms of distress were aroused by some of the passengers ; “ Dire was the tossing, deep the groans ;” and in the broken dialogue that reached my ears from the ladies’ cabin, I recognized a truly Byronian turn,

“ Have a care ! that case holds liquor.”
“ Stop the boat ; I’m sick ; O Lord !”
“ Sick ma’am ! damme you’ll be sicker
E’er you’ve been an hour aboard.”

In spite of all this, I contrived to drop asleep, and when I woke the next morning found the ship so completely under the shelter of the French coast that most of the passengers were able to enjoy a breakfast, and shortly afterwards we entered the harbour of Havre. The day was intensely hot, and

there was no slight trouble and annoyance in getting oneself and luggage transferred from the landing place to the railway station, which is distant a good mile. The bewildered traveller no sooner sets foot ashore than he is deprived of his passport; and while this is consigned to the hotel-de-ville to be *viséd*, his "effects" are submitted to a rigorous examination at the "bureau des douanes." The disadvantage of not being able to divide oneself was never more apparent; but having at length emerged from this double ordeal, I entrusted my small portmanteau to a young ragamuffin, whose great boast was that he had been to London to see the Great Exhibition of 1851.

"La gare" of the chemin-de-fer de Rouen lies quite at the extremity of the town, and on the road to it we traversed the principal streets and quays; the latter contained a considerable quantity of shipping; the freights seemed chiefly to consist of cotton for the Rouen manufactories, but I was astonished by the large proportion of vessels which were inscribed "Californie." Arrived at the station, it was only with expostulation and means still more convincing, that I prevailed on the official to book me and my luggage; for, forgetting the universal rule of French railways, which requires the attendance of travellers a quarter of an hour before the departure of the train, during which interval they are penned like sheep into separate folds according to their class, I had sauntered along somewhat leisurely in the hot sun, and had allowed myself barely ten minutes.

French railways are not fast, and their system of booking does not assort with an Englishman's notions, but punctuality is their redeeming quality, and we reached Rouen within two minutes of the time specified in the *Livre à Chaix* or French Bradshaw. The town is filthy; the gutter down the middle occupies the principal portion of the very narrow and ill-paved streets, and the accommodation of the hotels is more moderate than the charges. Still Rouen is well worth a visit, if only for the churches: any one of the three principal ones, the Cathedral, St. Ouen, and St. Maclou, is well entitled to the position of a diocesan church; but for the sights of the place I refer the reader to Murray.

It is the fashion at this time to talk very much of the eternal alliance that is to exist between England and France, and the utter impossibility of a rupture between two nations that feel so much respect and esteem for each other. This may be a very pretty theory, and even true collectively; but when individual comes in contact with individual, the great disparity of disposition too often places them in collision. The French and English may be mechanically, but can never be chemically combined. A Frenchman, however amicably disposed, can never be brought to eulogise an Englishman; but he must conclude with a qualifying "mais," and still more provoking shrug of his shoulders. They will allow the bravery of their allies. They will command especially the "solidité" of the soldiers, and the "modestie" of the generals; *but*, say they, the one is deficient in "clans,"

and the other in contrivance. But independently of this incompatibility of temper—if I may be allowed to apply such a phrase to any other alliance than that between husband and wife—the spirit of rivalry between the two nations is growing stronger every day: the produce and manufactures of the two countries are no longer dissimilar. While the Worcester china rivals the porcelain of Sévres, and the looms of Spitalfields produce fabrics that will bear comparison with the silks of Lyons, France has undertaken to contend with us in those departments hitherto considered peculiarly our own. The powerful steam-engines, the ponderous cylinders, and the massive links of twisted iron, that occupied so prominent a place in the “annexe” of the Paris Exhibition, told that the smiths and engineers who tend the *forges à Catalane* in the Dordogne and Aveyron had little more to learn from the master-schools of Birmingham and Sheffield. From such rivalry what but jealousy can result? and from jealousy what but hostility? It is vain to say that the interests of both nations will be opposed to the war. Has war ever been so averted? Was it so with Rome and Carthage?—Once, indeed, it might have been said that the arts of peace and civilization had driven from the earth, or at least from Europe, the barbarous horrors of war. But, alas! it is not so now. The spell is broken, and we lament, with Bishop Fleetwood, that “at length God for our sins permitted the spirit of discord to go forth.” The sword has been drawn that had rusted in its sheath for forty years, and I

am afraid it will slip out too easily a second time. All that we can hope and pray for, is a distant day for so great a calamity;—at least I trust that we shall suffer no petty differences to embroil us, and that whatever be the fate of that country, in behalf of which we avowedly took up arms, we shall have learnt that no disputed dominion of a distant territory, not even the occupation of Constantinople, is a sufficient cause for which to imperil the honour and safety of our own country. In the mutual experience that the two nations have had of each other in the day of battle, and in the cautious prudence of the vigorous mind that now rules (and long may he continue to do so) the destinies of France, is to be found our chief security for averting the evil day. But as for the constant intercourse now subsisting between the two nations, I cannot think that it any way tends to cement a lasting alliance, and for the following reason :—I have before observed that the portion of my countrymen who travel, are not for the most part favourable specimens, and that perhaps the average standard is rendered still lower by the large proportion of Americans, whom foreigners naturally confound with the parent race. But this is not all; while on the one hand it is a truth that the opportunities of giving offence are more frequent than those of propitiating friends—*“L’occasion de faire du mal se trouve cent fois par jour, et celle de faire bien une fois dans l’année”**—it is no less certain that the sense of benefits conferred

* Voltaire, “Zadig.”

is irksome to us: favourable impressions we do not care to make lasting, and have memories retentive only of our dislikes and of injuries received. I have been led to these reflections by an incident that occurred to me while at Rouen; and though this was almost the only occasion on which I had anything like a quarrel with the natives, while in many instances I think I may presume to have left a favourable impression, I much fear that a long experience of English good sense and amiability would scarcely suffice to counteract the antipathy for the "bête Anglais," which my foolish behaviour then produced. The circumstances were these: Having been sight-seeing all day, and tired and footsore with perambulating the stony and intricate streets of the town, I sat down at about eight in the *salle-à-manger* to a petit souper of a 'mayonnaise de volaille' washed down by a 'chopin' of champagne. Considerably recruited by such invigorating fare, I at first entered into conversation with a party of English, who had been employed in a similar manner at a table near me. So far all was very well; but after a time, thinking that I might be better employed in studying the language of the country than in talking the vernacular, I approached with some diffidence a more distant table, at which two French officers in uniform and a lady were conversing. Whether the Frenchmen had been more moderate in their potations than my countrymen, or whether they thought I had come to divide with them the affections of the solitary fair, I cannot say; but the elder of the two commenced

staring at me with a countenance most expressive, but betokening anything but a desire for my company. I was, however, in no humour to "*baisser les yeux*," as I suppose he expected; and after having looked fiercely at each other for above a minute, he broke silence with "*Qu'est que vous regardez donc?*" This was abrupt, but not more so than my reply: "*Je regarde vous.*" After a pause he again broke out, "*Mais ce n'est pas poli;*" but instead of assenting to this proposition, no more than the truth, I assured him that I considered it quite polite, and that I was a better judge of what was so than himself; that if he could not bear to be looked at, he ought to have ordered a private room, and that in the "*salon*" it was expected of every one to be sociable. Having delivered these sentiments in French with what fluency I could, I interchanged a parting glance, and withdrew to my English friends, who were somewhat astonished, but who were prepared to justify my behaviour; indeed, it is one of the corollaries from an Englishman's notion of patriotism always to support a countryman right or wrong. On retiring to my own room my conduct would not bear the test of self-examination; and convinced of its impropriety, I resolved the next morning to offer an apology: I was not, however, allowed to make this reparation. When I came down the next morning, the Frenchmen were already gone, and I never saw them again. The only other occasion on which I contrived to affront a Frenchman I came better out of it; the insult was unde-

signed, and we parted most amicably. The absurd system of French railways, which pens the passengers in different compartments till the train is on the point of starting, creates considerable confusion, if there is any thing like a scarcity of places. In the rush at the station of the Lyons railway, not finding a vacant seat, I hailed a man who seemed dressed in the semi-military garb assumed by the French railway officials; nor was it until he expressed his indignation at my manner of addressing him that I discovered I had got hold of a "veritable militaire." I of course begged his pardon, and subsequently on being shown to a seat was horrified at finding the officer whom I had so provoked an inmate of the same compartment. I thought it best to assume that no offence had been taken, as certainly none was meant, and to open a conversation, which was maintained with much cordiality till we reached Fontainebleau, where the officer left the train, I trust without any unfavourable impression of his fellow-traveller. From other subjects we got to discuss Louis Napoleon and the present government of France, a subject on which I could express my opinion with the greatest freedom, unlike my companion, who was far too much of a republican to acquiesce in all that I said in favour of absolute governments. Indeed, the existing order of things in France I at all times found a delicate topic of conversation; the subjects of a despotic monarch could not but wonder that one living in a land of liberty should inveigh so bitterly against the liberty of the press and democratic insti-

tutions, which they would have given anything to restore; while I was no less surprised that an emperor had been elected by a race of socialists. The anomaly seems to be that, while the people of England are monarchical in principle, their government is democratic; in France the nation is republican, but an emperor is at its head. I have always made it a principle to travel only in those countries, the governments of which I could conscientiously support, a rule that has excluded me from Austria and many of the German and Italian States; but I should as soon think of partaking of the hospitality of a private house while I abused the owner, or of seeking the protection of a government to the principles of which I was opposed. To feel that I was sneaking through a country in which I had no business, and where a free utterance of my thoughts would probably bring me into trouble, would be to me a serious drawback to the enjoyment of travel, which consists in freedom from all trammels, on thought, as well as action. The system of passports, which prevails all over the continent except in Switzerland, is the obstacle to locomotion which Englishmen find most vexatious, and not the less so because of its utter uselessness as a guarantee of the good faith, or even of the identity of the traveller whose name it bears. *Primâ facie* the reverse may be assumed: the "mauvais sujet" will take care to have his passport completely "en règle," while the mere tourist may have inadvertently neglected such precautions. Still, in some countries the inspection of these docu-

ments is much less rigid and frequent than in others. In the year 1853, I was in France a fortnight, and travelled through the principal cities as far as Pau on the confines of Spain, without any passport at all, where, however, I was obliged to procure one from the English vice-consul, which I did without any difficulty or inconvenience on payment of five francs, though of course the vice-consul could know nothing of me. This year I had a Foreign Office passport; but it was not *viséed* by any Foreign Minister, and wherever it was demanded I found the name of Clarendon in one corner, and my own in the other was never demurred to. It is alleged, as a reason for maintaining this nuisance, it, that it contributes to the revenue; but the fees when demanded are so small, that the whole amount must be very trifling; and in France, at least if peace continues, I think ere long passports will be abolished by the good sense of her ruler; for, as it is observed by the great Vattel, his distinguished countryman,* “ Il est d’une nation polie de bien accueillir les étrangers, de les recevoir avec politesse, de leur montrer en toutes choses un caractère officieux. Par là, chaque citoyen en s’acquittant de ses devoirs envers tous les hommes, servira utilement sa patrie. La gloire est la récompense assurée de la vertu, et la bienveillance que s’attire un caractère aimable a souvent des suites très importants pour l’Etat. Une peuple n’est plus digne de louange à cet égard, que la nation Française; les étrangers ne reçoivent point ailleurs un accueil plus gracieux, plus

* Book II., chap. x., s. 139.

propre à les empêcher de regretter les sommes immenses qu'ils versent chaque année dans Paris."

I arrived in Paris on the 29th of August, the day after the departure of the Queen, and was struck by the illustration of the law that nature abhors a vacuum. Many of my loyal countrymen had already left, but the hotels were still crammed to repletion; for a host of unfortunates, who during the past week had been compelled to roost beneath the trees of the Tuilleries Gardens, or stretched upon the table of some *salle-à-manger* in a third-class restaurant, as Hamlet says, "not where they eat, but where they are eaten," were constantly disgorged to occupy the vacant space of those who left, and fortunate indeed did I think myself in being admitted to occupy an apartment *au septième* at the Hotel Windsor, the first to which I applied.

The rapid improvements that have taken place in the streets and public buildings of Paris during the last few years is truly surprising. The present Emperor seems to possess Aladdin's lamp; with such wonderful rapidity has he transformed the tumble-down irregular structures of brick and plaster into a uniform façade of beautifully carved stone. After passing the magnificent row of buildings that fronts the Louvre, which had just been erected at the expense of the Emperor, I was not surprised, on reaching the official residence of the Minister of Finance, to see an *affiche* announcing an "emprunt de 750,000,000." Regardless of expense, the present ruler of France seems to be deter-

mined on making his capital the handsomest city in Europe, and the inscription on the pedestal of the statue of his illustrious predecessor, Louis XIV., in the Place des Victoires, might equally serve to perpetuate the fame of Louis Napoleon :—

“ Monumentorum miraculis
In omne ævum nobilitato.”

Indeed, I believe this is one of the main sources of the unpopularity of Louis Napoleon in the provinces. The country proprietors naturally do not like to be taxed, that the inhabitants of the capital may be surrounded with greater magnificence; though by his late well-timed liberality displayed on the occasion of the inundations, the Emperor will have done much to convince his people that his solicitude for their welfare is not confined to Paris alone. I trust also that the liberal spirit in which the people of this country have come forward to assist their neighbours in the hour of their calamity will not soon be forgotten; at any rate, if peace be a blessing, those who have contributed on this occasion will have deserved well of their country, for the continuous interchange of such good offices is the only chance of maintaining the alliance that now so happily exists between the two nations.

At Paris the idler may always spend an agreeable week in sauntering through the different gardens, or lounging over the picture galleries and public buildings; and this year the Exhibitions d'Industrie et des Beaux Arts were two

additional resources for getting through one's day till the important hour of dinner. Among the interiors of Paris, perhaps none are more splendid than the *salons* of the Hotel de Ville; and the motto over its portal, "*Fluctuat at non mergitur*," is a happy description of the character and fortunes of the people who frequent it. At the Opera Comique, they were performing the "*Pré aux Clercs*;" and one evening I went to hear it, but was scarcely more gratified with the very pretty music of Auber than disgusted with the audience, who were talking unconcernedly during the opera, and reserved all their attention and applause for an absurd kind of ballet which followed, entitled "*Deucalion and Pyrrha*," a sort of French notion of Adam and Eve as they behaved in Paradise. The musical taste of the French nation is certainly not pre-eminent: and the mass of the people are unable to appreciate any higher standard than that which they nightly applaud in the *café's* chantants of the Champs Elysées. Of the attainments of his countrymen in this branch of art, Rousseau* seems to have formed a pretty just estimate: "*C'est en ceci que consiste l'erreur des Français sur les forces de la musique. N'ayant et ne pouvant pas avoir une mélodie à eux dans une langue qui n'a point d'accent, et sur une poésie qui ne connoit jamais la nature, ils n'imaginent d'effets que ceux d'harmonie et des éclats de voix, qui ne rendent pas les sons plus mélodieux, mais plus bruyants.*" And elsewhere† he writes—"Tous les talents ne

* "*Julie*," part i. let. 48. † *Idem*, part ii. let. 23.

sont pas donnés aux mêmes hommes, et en général les Français paroît être de tous les peuples de l'Europe celui qui a le moins d'aptitude à la musique. Les Anglais en ont aussi peu ; mais la différence est, que ceux-ci le savent et ne s'en soucient guère, au lieu que les Français renonceroient à mille justes droix, et passeroient condamnation sur toute autre chose plutôt que de convenir qu'ils ne sont pas les premiers musiciens du monde."

At Paris not meeting with the friends I had expected, I resolved upon making a tour in Switzerland, being desirous to compare the Alps with the Pyrenees, which I had visited two years before—and not without reason, thinking that I should be less solitary among the swarms of English who frequent that country. The route I pursued was that by Dole, which is reached by a line of railway branching from the main line at Dijon. Dole is a wretched town, and the name may be well derived from the Latin *dolor*, and the doleful nature of the place ; though the traveller who has experienced the high charges and dirty accommodation of the Hotel de Lyons (which, notwithstanding, I believe is the best), may be disposed to give *dolus* as the more correct etymology. From Dole there is a line of diligences direct to Geneva, but the only place I could secure was in a diligence by Besançon and Pont Arlier, and so on to Lausanne ; and so much pleased I was with the grandeur of this road, that when I next go to Switzerland I shall select the same approach. We left Dole at four in the afternoon, and did not arrive

at Besançon till about eleven: here I was much struck by the strength of the fortifications cut out of the solid rock, and can recommend any one who travels by this way to make a halt here for one night; for, independently of the interest of the place, the road after leaving Besançon, which ascends the Doubs Mountains, is magnificent; and though perhaps the starlit gleam of the cascades, the roar of water, and the impenetrable abysses through which they rushed were not rendered less striking by the indistinctness of night, I should have much liked to see more of them, and with such a series of beautiful pictures as daylight must here present, the sketcher would do well to walk the whole way, and take his time. The road for some miles winds along the edge of a deep ravine, the bed of the River Doubs, whose waters leap from rock to rock many feet below. The postilion had taken on the seat beside him a young peasant girl, and in sweet converse with her, he seemed altogether to forget the difficulties of the road and the safety of the passengers: the horses seemed to be left a good deal to themselves, or if sometimes he did condescend to bestow a thought upon them, it was only to crack his whip, and accelerate their speed at some more than usually critical turning of the road. The result was, that our off-wheel seemed more than once within six inches of the precipice. I was placed in the centre of the banquette, and did not feel very comfortable; but to my companion, a Frenchman, who was sitting on the outside, I dare say our position seemed still more

perilous ; and several times he exclaimed to me, after what seemed a hairbreadth escape, “ Vraiment j’aurais peur.” At the top of the pass the postilion deposited his fair companion at a chalet that seemed desolate enough. Indeed, the whole plateau on the summit, till one reaches Pont Arlier is very bleak and cold ; and on reaching this place at six A.M., some hot café-au-lait was an agreeable restorative. From Pont Arlier the descent at once commences, and as the sun got higher while we descended, the temperature increased rapidly—so much so, that I never felt more baked than at a village called Orbe, where we stopped for breakfast. We reached Lausanne at about three P.M., and were deposited at the Hotel Gibbon, where I set my name down for the table-d’hôte at five o’clock ; but on retiring to my room, not having been in bed for two nights, I fell asleep in an armchair, and at nine when I woke was obliged to dine in solitude. The Hotel Gibbon is the largest, and that which Murray recommends ; but, though in this house there is nothing actually objectionable, I was informed, and have reason to believe, that the Hotel Faucon is the best. The town of Lausanne is nearly a mile from the shore of the lake, and though rather picturesque, is not a place in which one would care long to stay ; so the next day having bought a Keller’s map for six francs and a small knapsack of cowhide for eight, I sent my portmanteau on to Thun by the malle-poste, resolved to transport myself there on foot as I best could. While waiting on the wooden jetty for the steamer from Geneva,

I overheard an amusing conversation between two of my countrywomen, though in fairness I must say they were somewhat below the average specimens that I met with. They were both elderly, and I supposed they might have been tradesmen's wives or lodging-house keepers; they were without any chaperon; a protection which their personal charms did not seem to require; and though they were not at all shy in accosting any of their countrymen, from my unshaven appearance they took me for a foreigner, and so I was not only saved this infliction, but edified by the remarks which they hazarded before me without reserve. They commenced by being enthusiastic on "the beautiful Lake Leman," a name which Gibbon derives from *Lacus Alemannus*, or German Lake, but which I observe all cockneys prefer to the more usual one of Lake of Geneva, associating it, I believe, with the more romantic, though less proper use of the word in Lord Byron's poems. The clear blue water suggested to one of these ladies to express a longing for a draught to assuage her thirst; but this called forth a reprimand from the more strong-minded of the two, that she should be so ignorant as not to know the water was salt. The conversation then turned upon the hotel we had just left. "Ah! poor Gibbon! he wrote 'The Decline and Fall;' but that proving a bad speculation, he set up this hotel. It was here that he fell in love with a beautiful lady called Julie, but a young Frenchman called Rousseau completely cuthim out."—How soon the romantic dwindles into the burlesque! Not without reason did Rous-

seau write, "Ne les y cherchez pas." In Mrs. Barbauld's life of Richardson, we read of a Frenchman who paid a visit to Hampstead for the sole purpose of finding out the Flask Walk where Clarissa Harlowe lodged, and who was surprised at the ignorance or indifference of the inhabitants on that subject. The Flask Walk was to him as much classic ground as the rocks of Meillerie to the admirers of Rousseau; and probably if an English traveller were to make similar enquiries in Switzerland, he would find that the rocks of Meillerie and the chalets of the Valais suggested no ideas to the inhabitants, but such as were connected with their dairies or farms. A constant residence soon destroys all sensibilities to objects of local enthusiasm.

It is seldom that countries whose natural features are the sublimest, or the most lovely, affect their own inhabitants as they do strangers, who are but a short time among them. Mendelssohn has expressed in some of his most exquisite music the thoughts which he gained in his visit to the Scotch Highlands. It is to the crystal mirror of Lake Lemman and the Alps, with their grandeur of ridges and ravines, and pinnacles frosted with snows, that have outlasted a thousand summers, that some of the noblest poetry of Byron and Coleridge has been dedicated, and has owed its origin; but neither Scotland nor Switzerland has been renowned above other countries as the birth-place of musicians or poets.

The steamer at length arrived, and transported us to Vevay, where I landed; but doubting whether the very splendid and much frequented hotel of the Trois

Couronnes would care to receive a pedestrian with a small knapsack as his only guarantee of respectability, I continued my walk a very pleasant six miles along the borders of the lake to the Hotel Byron, which is a capital house to be recommended for position, accommodation, and charges, situate half way between Chillon and Villeneuve. I here stayed three days, in the course of which I made one excursion up the valley of the Rhone as far as Bex, where there is a pension, at which the traveller, should he choose seclusion, may be lodged and boarded for four francs a-day during the season, and for three during the winter; though I must own there is not very much to be seen in its immediate vicinity. Returning, I fell in with a troop of Swiss mountain artillery, the guns of which seemed good for nothing but to arouse the echoes, being made of a size that admits of their being fastened on a mule's back, and so carried over the steep passes. They marched along in great pomp, preceded by trumpet and drum; but the mounted officer in a cocked hat, whom I took for the colonel-commandant, I was informed was only the surgeon of the troop. At the Hotel Byron I met with some very nice people, which was fortunate, as during the three days I was there we were a good deal confined to the house by the wet weather. My mornings were chiefly passed in the dungeon of the castle of Chillon, which is very dry and comfortable, and my evenings in the salon of the hotel, which provides chess and a small supply of literature for the convenience of the visitors. Among the people in the hotel there were a few

Americans, and one evening an animated debate on the slave-trade was elicited by an old lady venturing to eulogise "Uncle Tom's Cabin," over which she had been poring. An American lady (a daughter-in-law of Van Buren, the late President,) who owned a slave estate, an American from one of the free states, and myself, were ranged against the rest of the room; some of whom, including the old lady, soon quitted the field quite horrified, to find an Englishman advocating a system the cause of such atrocious barbarities. There is a class of people in philanthropic Britain, who carry on a Quixotic crusade against everything which savours of injustice. Witness the clamorous outcry lately raised against Russian aggression. Without taking the trouble to study a subject in all its bearings, they feel a most praiseworthy horror at narrations sometimes fabulous, and condemn, with emphasis and indignation, before hearing facts and weighing testimony. Such well-meaning folks do sometimes more harm than good, and no cause have they more effectually injured than the cause of the suffering negro.* The indiscriminate and sweeping censures too often pronounced on this side of the Atlantic against the whole body of the American people, besides exasperating those who might otherwise assist us in removing the fetters of the negro, weaken by their injustice the effect of our

* Being unable to recall the whole of this discussion, I have ventured to supply some of the arguments from Mr. Baxter's book on America, one of the few English works on that subject that is written without a bias.

opinion on those whom we wish to convince. If there be one subject more than another connected with America, concerning which misrepresentation exists in Great Britain, that subject is negro slavery. It is quite common, in the best informed circles, to hear statements made, which show an utter ignorance of its history, working, and political bearings. Forgetting that it was an inheritance handed down by the government of England—that it was forced on the colonists by the mother-country at a time when no one thought of armed resistance to imperial laws—we sometimes blame our transatlantic friends for its institution, no less than for its contrivance. Losing sight of the limits beyond which the Congress meeting at Washington has no legislative power, we charge the republic with permitting an evil, which in reality is beyond the interference or control of the central government. How many too, among us, talk as if federalism had no existence in the western hemisphere; as if the distinctions between the North and South were a mere fiction; as if there were no difficulties in the way of at once setting free four millions of uneducated men; as if the simple *ipse dixit* of a planter were, in all cases, sufficient to emancipate his negroes! whereas a slave proprietor in most of the southern states can no more free his bondmen, by an act of his own, than he can change the colour of their skin. Besides, if he could, is no allowance to be made for persons who could not follow the dictates of humanity without throwing their families destitute upon society, and giving

up to strangers the homes where their childhood had been spent? Nor is it difficult for the planter, when he goes north, or travels in other countries where there are free negroes, to persuade himself that his serfs enjoy many more physical advantages than individuals of the same race who are their own masters. Observing the latter almost everywhere looked down upon, degraded and poor, outcast from polite society, Ishmaelites against whom all hands are raised, he lays the flattering unction to his soul that the former have been born under better influences, and should, instead of murmuring, be grateful for their lot. But a more important consideration here presents itself. Suppose the blacks at once emancipated; what will they do? where will they go? what will become of them? How long will they remain at amity with their former owners? Will they amalgamate with the Anglo-Saxons, the Creoles, and the Spaniards? Will they quietly work for wages in the jungles, so lately vocal with the driver's lash? These are questions by no means easy of solution; but they force themselves on the consideration of all who contemplate legislation on the subject, however overlooked by us. Providence alone can unravel the mysterious web, and evoke light out of the present gloom; but can we wonder if many men, interested in the system, look upon manumission as a prelude to a war of races—a short, decisive, bloody war, which will end as all such contests have always done, in the triumph of the European over the African, and the expulsion of the latter from the

continent of North America? This is not an impossible, though it may be an unlikely termination of the present excitement; and however benevolent men may hope and pray for a different result, they cannot reasonably slight the opinion of so many on the other side of the Atlantic—that unless some unforeseen event materially alters their relative numbers, the whites and blacks will not live long together on a footing of equality, and that the era of emancipation will also be the era of destruction to the negro. If Englishmen wish effectually to promote the cause of liberty, they must first make themselves masters of the case as it stands. Americans cannot be expected to listen to advice based on misconception, and to follow counsellors led away by prejudice or clamour.

The evils of slavery are admitted by all, and Providence in its own good time will surely sweep away a system that tolerates such atrocities as are undoubtedly tolerated, if not encouraged, by the laws of the Southern States; but it is not fair to collate instances of brutal treatment, and give them as fair specimens of that experienced by the majority. Thousands of free labourers in other countries enjoy far fewer of the good things of this life than most Africans in the Southern States; and setting aside the motive of interest which prompts the master to be far more careful of his slave than of the hired servant, in whom he has no vested interest, that the treatment of negroes is in general humane may be proved by indisputable testimony—by the statistics

of their remarkable increase, and by their well-known longevity. The repulsive characters floating along the stream of travel ; the Lokers and Legrees, whom one occasionally meets in the cotton boats of the Alabama, and on the levees of Vicksburg and Baton Rouge, must not be taken as samples of the mass of the white inhabitants, who are to be seen only in their country houses, and on their plantation, removed from the bustle and turmoil of hotels and railroads. The publication of such books as that of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, starting from false premises, which they support by garbled illustration, promote not their own views, but those of their opponents, by entering the arena of controversy. Better leave the good cause alone than weaken it by bad logic, or by statements which cannot be proved strictly accurate. An institution that is condemned by the universal voice of mankind, that is alike opposed to the precepts of Christianity, the dictates of reason, and even the interests of the dominant party, must sooner or later fall to the ground. Few even of the Southerners refuse to discuss the subject with persons disposed to be reasonable ; and there are not many districts where proprietors in favour of gradual emancipation may not be found. The depressing effects of slavery on the material prosperity of the States, where it prevails, is too prominent to be lost sight of by its most zealous advocates. In the North all is energy, activity, and enterprise ; in the South a painful torpor seems to have taken possession of the people. The dull deserted-looking cities

of the slave states will not compare with those bustling and handsome towns, which are every year rising into greater importance in the North. Wherever an improvement may be seen in the South, a northern man may also be found as its author and manager; and even the planters themselves acknowledge that works of internal advantage are not progressing with them as in the more flourishing commonwealths dependant on free labour. Travel through the whole continent, and you behold the prospect continually varying with the appearance and disappearance of slavery. Their territories may have the same climate, and a similar soil; they may be separated only by a belt of forest, a narrow river, or a fancied line; but while the free states are making gigantic strides towards wealth, population, and power, the slave states are struggling with an incubus which precludes advancement, and threatens revolution. If such be the effect of slavery on industry and social progress, it exercises an influence not a bit less pernicious on the men themselves. If it degrades the black man, far more does it degrade and brutalize the white, rendering him haughty, indolent, and dependent, overbearing in his deportment, and altogether devoid of that moral energy which distinguishes the New Englander and is founding a mighty nation in the north-west. How comes it to pass that the miscreants who infest the lower Mississippi, the gamblers and thieves who travel on the Red River and the Alabama, the unpunished criminals who lurk for their prey in Texas and

Arkansas, do not frequent the free states of the North? Why is human life so much less regarded in Louisiana than in Ohio? Why can desperadoes defy the law in Tennessee, while in Michigan they dare not follow their vocation? Why is the bowie knife more worn in Mobile than in Buffalo? Why are the churches and school-houses so empty, and the jails so full, between the 38th degree of latitude and the Gulf of Mexico? Why, unless in the words of Miss Bremer, because "natural sense of right and the pure glance of youth are falsified by the institution of slavery?" Such are the opinions gradually gaining ground even in the Southern States; and many now speak of the institution of slavery as a necessary evil, who formerly proclaimed it as a national blessing. It may well indeed be doubted whether immediate emancipation, even if practicable, would be to be desired, and they who so loudly call for it would do well to ponder the words of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton: "If the breast be uneducated, the gift of liberty may curse the giver; and he who passes at once from the slave to the freeman may pass as rapidly from the freeman to the ruffian." To educate the slaves in most of the states is prohibited by law; but on many estates the instruction of the negro goes on, in an underhand way of course, but still with increasing diligence. To teach the slaves habits of industry and application, to assist them in acquiring a competence, to give them a suitable education, and instruct them in the great doctrines of the most holy faith, is the earnest

endeavour of many who make no loud profession, and yet do more to aid a noble cause, than a whole host of abolitionist declaimers. Miss Bremer met a southern bishop who expressed himself as follows: "Already is Christianity labouring to elevate the negro population, and from year to year their condition improves both spiritually and physically; they will soon be our equals as regards morals, and when they become our equals they can no longer be our slaves. The next step will be for them to receive wages as servants; and I know several persons who are already treating their slaves as such." In Kentucky several practical farmers have introduced free labour, and proved incontestably its advantage in such a climate over that of the bondmen; on several plantations the negroes have been set free, this being permitted by the law of the State, provided the proprietor sends them out of its jurisdiction; in short, the people are fast finding out that in order to prosper like their neighbours in Illinois and Ohio, they must remove the incubus which bears them down in the race of social improvement. Nor is this the only instance. In Maryland and Virginia colonies of free labour have established themselves with success. The importation of slaves, even from Cuba, is prohibited as piracy by the law of the United States. The annexation of Arkansas, and the union with Texas, may seem to have given a temporary impulse to the rearing of negroes, in what are called the breeding States; and the passing of the Nebraska Bill may be pointed at

as a recent triumph of the slave party ; but it is not so in effect. The theory of emancipation is that of a large majority, though practically they find it impossible. The slave States let the evil continue, because they fear a worse ; but no State once free has relapsed into slavery. An objection even to gradual emancipation was started by the free-state American, and was not easy to answer. " My nation, said he, are not at all in favour of slavery, and do not desire negroes, if they could get whites enough in the shape of Irishmen." Now, even if they could be imported in sufficient numbers, it is very questionable whether the European could safely labour in the swampy brakes of the Mississippi and the Carolinas ; and who that has attended to the state of things of late years in Jamaica will guarantee the willingness of the blacks to cultivate in these regions the rice plant and the sugar cane ? I ventured to ask if the Americans themselves could supply no white labour ; but he informed me, " this was not to be expected of them,—that in fact there was no genuine Yankee who was not fitted by his education and talent to fill some higher post than that of a common labourer." And though such a statement may seem somewhat boastful, it is no more than the truth, so universal is the desire for learning, and the means for imparting it, throughout the States ; so admirable their system of common schools maintained, not by the general government, but by their respective commonwealths, that a Yankee who could not read and write would be an anomaly ;

there is no native American not qualified to undertake the post of clerk or overseer, and in a country which by reason of its size must be underpopulated for some years to come, there is no lack of such situations.

I ought to apologise for so long a digression on subjects that appertain only to the other side of the Atlantic; but it is one so liable to be discussed not always without rancour, in a country where at least one-fifth of the travellers are Americans, that it does not to me seem out of place.

On the third morning, at seven A.M., in spite of an atmosphere of cloud, that even in Switzerland can only be described as a Scotch mist, I left the hotel, determined to make a forced march into the Simenthal Valley, over the Dent de Jaman, a mountain which stands at the head of Lake Geneva. On a clear day I can conceive that the view from the summit, though only elevated 4,500 feet above the sea, is surpassed in beauty by none in Switzerland; but this I was not permitted to enjoy; the fog was so thick, that it was with some little difficulty, alone and without guide, I found my way across, as at the top of the mountain for some hundred yards the track is lost. At last I got down into the main road which overhangs the river Saane, and after a halt at the "Ours Château d' Oex," where I obtained a very tolerable dinner, reached Saanen well prepared to sleep; had I been less so, I could scarcely have hoped repose from the German bed accommodation, to which I was here first introduced. The only

covering besides the sheet was an eider-down quilt some four feet square, under which either extremity alternately perspired, while the other was benumbed with cold. The very sudden change in the language from French to German is very marked. At the village of Rougemont, two miles short of Saanen, the language became at once to me unintelligible. The only sign of a transition was the perverted meaning, which the inhabitants of the several villages I had last passed seemed to have attached to ordinary French. "Bon jour," for example, was equivalent to "Donnez-moi un sou;" but here all at once the shrill whining of the French changed into the hoarse Teutonic; and the only tones that fell familiar on my ears, was the squalling of the children and mewing of the cats, whose mode of expressing themselves seem pretty much the same in all parts of the world. The next morning I took the diligence for Thun. I was in the coupé, and my fellow-passengers were two private soldiers of the Swiss army, of which there is a considerable depot at Thun: they were not unentertaining, as far as I could understand them; but their French was not very pure, and not made more intelligible by their rough delivery. It is, by the way, quite a mistake, when abroad, to suppose that by taking the dearest place you secure the most select society. I travelled from Lyons to Paris by the express train in a first-class carriage, and I remember the intrusion of a kind of farm servant in a dirty blouse, who got in with an old snuff-taking gentleman, to whom he seemed to act as valet,

greatly shocked an English lady, who was seated next him, and who remarked to me that she thought that by travelling first-class she was secured against such company. We stopped on the road for some hours at Weisenburg, the baths of which are a very pretty retired hydropathic establishment, about a mile and a half off the main road. Arrived at Thun, I took up my quarters at the "bateau-à-vapeur," an outpost station of the Hotel Bellevue, an establishment which comprises within its grounds four boarding-houses and the English chapel. The panorama from the pavillon de Bellevue, a summer-house on a little eminence to which a path leads from the hotel, is magnificent, and I think might well be committed to canvass by Mr. Burford when he finds his visitors satiated with the Rigi. The lake in its whole extent is before you, with the snowy peaks of the Eigher, Monch, Jungfrau, and Blumlis Alp, closing the distance; at the other end the Niesen and Stockhorn rise very boldly over the valley of the Aar; immediately at one's feet lies the town of Thun, with its castle and church; and in front, the very ornamental chateau and gardens of M. Rougemont, stretching into the lake, make a beautiful feature in the foreground. A very effective German band performs daily in the gardens of the hotel, for whose remuneration a small sum is charged in the bill to each visitor, who is thus saved the usual importunate demands of perambulating musicians.

On the third morning, the weather appearing tolerably settled, I started for Interlaken by the

steamer which runs twice a day up and down the lake, performing each journey in about fifty minutes. The place of embarkation was immediately below my window, so that I could step on board at the last stroke of the bell. We were no sooner off, than an unfortunate pedestrian was seen running along the bank, waving his alpenstock, and frantically gesticulating his desire to be taken on board. The captain, however, was unmoved; the wheels continued to rotate; and though he ran half-a-mile along the shore, shouting his last directions to some companions on board, he was gradually lost to view, the ridiculous figure he made having contributed not a little to the amusement of the passengers. The well-known lines of Lucretius, which describe the pleasure of witnessing sorrow from which ourselves are exempt, here found an illustration, though under reversed circumstance, the victim being on land, and the spectator on the waters. Still the principle was the same, and I must own to having derived my full share of gratification from this little incident: alas! I could not foresee the retribution that was to overtake me, and that same afternoon. The sides of the lake were beautiful; but I thought the glassy smoothness of the waters, which reflected every tint of the beetling rocks that overhung them, was a sign of rain. As we approached the end overtopped by the higher Alps, the view of the snowy peaks was interrupted by the clouds, which shortly after landing began to fall in a heavy mist. In spite of the threatening weather I hoped to proceed as far as Lauter-

brunnen, and escape being wet through; but, up the valley some two miles beyond Interlacken, the rain came down so heavily that I was obliged to take shelter under the shed of a sawmill by the road side. Close by this shed was lying a pile of large fir trees; and I was struck by the small amount of exertion with which the only attendant on the mill, a squat ill-shapen German, was enabled to conduct its several operations. The mill was of the kind that is to be found by the side of every watercourse in Switzerland; the construction is simple, yet sufficiently effective, though of course it has not the power and rapidity of the more complex machinery set in motion by steam. By the force of the stream the large wheel is set in motion, the axle of which is so shaped as to raise the saw each semi-revolution, which then falls by its own weight; the frame which holds the piece of timber is moved up after each stroke, by means of a catch attached to the upper part of the saw, and when the end of the piece of timber is reached, by a simple contrivance the water turns itself off, and the machinery then only requires the attention of the man to set it going on the next plank. When one piece is finished, it is thrown aside, and by the aid of pulleys and levers another trunk is transferred to the frame, and operated on in the same way. The human being who directed the whole seemed little more than a part of the machinery; nothing could exceed his stolid lethargy. From time to time, as the self-acting dam diverted the stream, and the sound of rushing water succeeded to

the harsh grating of the saw, he issued from his rude domicile at the far end of the shed, pipe in mouth, to readjust the machine. The only other inmate of the premises was a goat, whose petulant boldness proved that he received kind treatment from his savage-looking master: the show of a stick did not at all intimidate him, but rather encouraged him to challenge a contest. The road up the whole valley as far as Lauterbrunnen is a gradual ascent; and while waiting at the sawpit, I saw a carriage come down the incline, without horses, propelled by its own impetus. There were no inside passengers, but two men on the box, one of whom sitting with his feet upon the pole, guided the fore wheels as the curves of the road required. The next passengers who came down the road seemed to reproach me with my own effeminacy in seeking shelter. Two children of eight or nine years old, scantily clad, with their heads bare, and their long hair dragged with the rain, were pushing before them a small cart, containing two younger children, and a bundle of faggots. They were thoroughly soaked, but seemed so utterly unconscious of their miserable plight, that they suggested to me a family of marmots rather than four human beings. What a lesson, thought I, to those mothers who can scarcely bear that the fresh air of heaven should blow upon the delicate skin of their darling babies, and who consider that to touch them with cold water is absolute infanticide! “*Qui en veut faire un homme de bien, sans doute il ne fault epargner en cette jeunesse, et fault souvent chocquer*

les reigles de la medicine." is the advice of Montaigne, * as also of Horace :

" Vitamque sub dio, et trepidis agat
In rebus."—Carm. lib. iii., Ode 2.

I am inclined to agree with those who think that man's years are not naturally restricted to the age of three score and ten : but that it is a provision of Providence that indolence and luxury shall serve as a counterpoise to labour and want, which shorten the days of the poor.

" The first physicians by debauch were made ;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food ;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood.
But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
Are dwindled down to three score years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unsought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend :
God never made his work for man to mend."

DRYDEN.

Let those who pamper their bodies in the prime of their strength consider what stimulants or comforts they may have recourse to, in their old age, when their failing powers require such assistance.

" Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam
Quam puer et validus præsumis molitiam ; seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus."

HOR. Sat. ii. 2. 86.

Of course privations and hardships may be carried to too great an extent, especially with those who are

* Essai i. 25.

emphatically the softer sex—softer in body, no less than in heart and intellect; a strong-bodied would be almost as objectionable as a strong-minded woman. To overtoil, I think, may be attributed the excessive ugliness of the women which the English traveller in all parts of the continent cannot but remark; but in no country is this so painfully obtruded upon his notice as in Switzerland. In France it is not uncommon to see a young peasant girl, at the age of 14 or 16 years, with a pretty, innocent, and even intellectual face; but their beauty seldom survives this age; the freshness of youth is lost prematurely under the haggard and toil-worn face of age; while the innocence and intellect, which once attracted us, are obliterated by the stamp of vice and cunning. In Switzerland it is otherwise: rarely even among the children do we see “the purple bloom of youth;” and as they grow up, utter vacuity from all expression, either good or bad, is the leading characteristic of their countenances. There are no doubt some exceptions: the inhabitants of Meiringen and the valley of Hasli are said to be among the best-favoured; but I cannot say that I saw one good-looking woman the whole time that I was in Switzerland. They all seem of the class which a French writer (Balzac) speaks of as “bimans,” *i. e.*, animals with two hands, in contradistinction to women properly so called. Of these last, indeed, I saw but few in Paris; and even these reminded me too much of what their countryman Rousseau says of them: * “Il y

* “Julie,” il. 23.

tant de minauderies dans leur manières; et elles sont toujours si visiblement occupées d'elles-mêmes, qu'on n'est jamais exposé dans ce pays à la tentation qu'avait M. de Muralt auprès des Anglaises, de dire à une femme qu'elle est belle, pour avoir le plaisir de lui apprendre." Coming from countries where beauty was so scarce, the charms of my fair countrywomen appeared to great advantage on my return home. Indeed, on first again walking in the streets of London it seemed impossible to cast my eye on an ugly woman. Had I continued long thus susceptible I know not what might have been the consequence; but by setting one against the other, the impression gradually faded into a neutral tint. The disagreeable features and misshapen limbs, that prevail to such an extent among the natives of Switzerland, have been attributed to the unhealthiness of the ice-water which pours down from the glaciers, and the malaria and dews which rise in the valleys, more especially where the streams empty themselves into the lakes. The "debouchement" of the Rhone into the Lake of Geneva is particularly unhealthy: in the rustling sedges lurk pestilence and miasma, which at nightfall stalk like spectres across the misty swamps; and the whole length of the valley, through which this river flows, is infested with victims to "goître" and "crétinism." Of these two afflicting diseases, the latter to my mind is far the worst. It is inexpressibly shocking to contemplate a being, human indeed in form, but in whose face all trace, not only of intellect, but even of human expressoin is wanting. Cretinism is not confined to Switzerland, but is more

or less the curse of all mountainous countries. One of the most fearful instances of this disease, that I ever met with, was in the south of Scotland, near Loch Skene. I was quite by myself; and after having walked some miles through the very desolate country that lies to the east of Moffat, I came suddenly upon one of these wretched pariahs; under whose idiot features there seemed to glare the malice of a fiend. Shuddering, I passed on, without taking heed of his gibings; and well pleased was I that he made no attempt to follow me. In the Pyrenees I have often walked alone over some of the wild passes between France and Spain; and more than once I have stumbled upon a set of lawless ruffians, who, professed smugglers, could have had no great scruples against taking from a solitary traveller his watch and money; but with these I never felt the same alarm: if deaf to pity, they might be moved by interest; but how conciliate a creature with whom I had no common feeling? I would sooner trust myself to the mercy of a tiger than that of a crocodile, and still less of a shark. On the hill of Abendberg, at a considerable elevation on the west side of the Valley of Lauterbrunnen, there is a hospital for the cure of crétins, and I believe that the results of this establishment show that the disease may be completely cured by a continued residence in the mountain air. The excrescences of the throat, called goîtres, are very painful and disgusting to behold; but they do not in general so completely isolate their victims from the rest of their fellow-beings, and the

sufferer is not generally incapacitated from taking his share of the labours of his family. In my observation goîtres are more prevalent with the women than with the men ; and though, probably, they owe their origin to the unwholesomeness of the air and water, I believe the development of these protuberances is greatly favoured by the strain on the muscles of the chest, which the fashion of constantly carrying burdens strapped on their shoulders must produce. It is wonderful to see what weights the women carry in this manner, apparently without fatigue ; but, no doubt, in a great measure they owe their ugliness to their employment as little better than beasts of burden. Such a training is as unfavourable to mental refinement as to bodily grace ; by a culture so ungenial, the female frailties, as well as perfections, are soon eradicated ; sentiment and passion fade into indifference and apathy, and the rough exterior is only a token of the blunted feelings.

Having waited three hours under the shed of the saw-pit, and not finding the weather at all likely to mend, I thought the only course was to make my way back to Interlachen. By the time, however, I reached that place I was wet to the skin, and having no change, thought it expedient to return at once to Thun, where my portmanteau had been left, and to do this it was necessary to catch the steamer leaving Neuhaus at four P.M. The distance from Interlachen to this place is two miles, the whole of which I ran as fast as my legs could carry me ; but here came the retribution for my behaviour in the morning. As I approached the lake, the blowing off

of the steam showed me that the boat was still there, and I was actually within some yards of the place of embarkation when the bell rang, the paddles began to move, and my case was that over which eight hours before I had so exulted, but under circumstances much more disheartening. I sat down panting on a step, an object of commiseration to the natives who witnessed my wretched plight. Some recommended a row-boat down the lake; but drenched as I was, this was out of the question. For my own part I was inclined to make the best of my way on foot along the north side of the lake; but from this they one and all dissuaded me, as the distance was fourteen miles, the way difficult, and in some places pathless; so that I had nothing left but to return to Interlachen, where at the Hotel des Alpes I spent the evening very comfortably, having a change of linen in my knapsack, and the landlord having provided me with a coat and trousers. The next day, the weather being still unsettled, I returned to Thun, and thence by diligence to Berne; the great object in rainy weather being to get away from the mountains, for among these the oppressive *ennui* of a rainy day is felt far more than in the open country. At Berne there is not much to see. The clock, about which so much is said, is but a rude piece of mechanism, not nearly equal to that at Strasburg. The four bears, which are kept at the public expense as national emblems, were to me the greatest curiosity. There are two dens, with a large fir-tree in the centre of each; and it was amusing to see the

huge beasts climb these to such a height, that one expected every moment the nodding tops to snap beneath their weight. In their mode of descending I noticed the justice of Sam Slick's remark: "The bear is a cunning crittur; he always comes down a tree stern foremost, because he knows it is safest to keep the centre of gravity low." The Bundes-Rathhaus or Senate-house of the Diet, just completed, is a fine building. The ramparts round the city form very pleasant walks, and from more than one site in the environs there are delightful views. During the two days I was at Berne, the weather was fine, but not clear, and I was disappointed in not getting a sight of the serrated outline of the Bernese Oberland, which is said to be seen from here to so much advantage, the whole range of snowy peaks, forty miles distant, being here open to the view. At Thun, which is seventeen miles nearer, the view is confined to five snowy summits; while at Interlachen, still less removed, the silver peak of the Jungfrau alone is open. The Couronne at Berne, where I lodged, is an excellent hotel; and the platform at the top of the house, being considered one of the best sites for seeing the distant mountains, was ascended by me more than once, but to no purpose. Two Russian gentlemen and a lady, the wife of one, were staying in the hotel, and at the table-d'hôte one day I found my chair placed next to theirs. Nothing could exceed their gentlemanly behaviour, which was a marked contrast to what one meets abroad at the dinner table, not only in foreigners, but also in one's own

countrymen: they displayed no greedy eagerness lest the tit-bits should be all exhausted before their turn came; neither did they eat with their knife, or claw their meat with their fingers. Though somewhat reserved, they replied civilly to any questions that were asked them; but the moment they found I was an Englishman they would have nothing to say to me:—of the English they expressed a most bitter hatred, which they did not affect to feel towards the French; and though peace may now be made between the two Powers, I believe it will be long before the Russians will forego their resentment against what they consider the ingratitude of their ancient ally.

On Friday, the 16th, as the weather appeared more promising, I returned to Thun, and the next morning started for Interlachen by the steamer as before. The preceding evening there had been a heavy thunderstorm, with some very beautiful lightning, which flashed alternately from the peaks of the Niesen and the Stockhorn, as though they had been bombarding each other with rockets; the clouds were not yet dispersed, but the peculiarity of this country is the sudden manner in which the densest clouds will roll themselves up the valleys and dissolve into blue sky. Two or three hours sometimes make all the difference; and I was not a little cheered by the croakings of two gentlemen on board the boat; who affected to be weatherwise, and warned me that the fine season was passed for that summer; in short, that I must expect a week or two of in-

cessant rain; for I have noticed that Providence seems to delight in confounding these would-be prophets, as indeed fortunately proved the case on this occasion. By the time we reached Neuhaus the sun was shining brightly, and scarcely a puff of vapour was clinging to the mountain peaks. I had a beautiful walk up the valley to Lauterbrunnen, which I reached at seven o'clock, having passed on the road the saw-pit where I had taken shelter four days before, and interchanged a nod with the German, who was still at his work and his pipe. The lower part of the valley near Interlachen abounds in orchards, but these cease as you ascend; fir-trees cover the mountain sides; and wherever there has been a slip, the barberry with its bright berries grows picturesquely among the débris of the rock. Living as we do in an inhospitable climate, we are astonished to see in countries but a few degrees south of us how little culture is required to produce plants which among us subsist only under high cultivation. When travelling in France two years ago, I was closely questioned by two French soldiers as to the products of Great Britain, and they seemed to think that purgatory itself would be more tolerable than a country producing neither "vignes" nor "noyers." This was in Auvergne, but in some parts of Switzerland the quantity of fruit-trees is still more astonishing. Apples and pears especially are produced in such numbers, that in many parts they are scarcely held worth the labour of gathering; whole crops are left to rot upon the ground, a practical illustration of

the reproof given by Horace to the niggardly host who bids his guest to eat his fill of pears :

“ Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes.”

In most of the maize-producing districts—for the growth of this plant seems to be the chief line of demarcation between the sunny regions of the South, and those valleys which, however fertile, are yet within the chill of the icy glacier—the wayside is lined for miles with plum-trees, pear-trees, and apple-trees, whose boughs, loaded with most inviting fruit, hang within easy reach of the passer-by. The poplar and Spanish-chesnut, so common in France, are not often seen in Switzerland ; but walnut-trees in vast numbers shade the roads, and no doubt many of them since Ovid’s time have had to complain of the dangers of their position.

“ Nux ego juncta viæ cum sim sine crimina vitæ,
A populo saxis prætereunte petor.”

The immunity of the fruit-trees in general is, however, the thing that most surprised me ; and having no reason from experience to conceive more highly of Swiss than of English honesty, I could only attribute it to the existence of severe penal laws for their protection, and through fear of these for a long time I rigidly abstained ; but on a better acquaintance with the country, I learnt that, by the established custom, any one is permitted to gather what he chooses to eat on the spot, but none to carry away, and that the main security of the fruit in such

unguarded situations consists in its abundance. To say the truth also, the flavour of the greater portion of the ruddy and golden crops by no means comes up to their appearance; they are palatable enough to the parched mouth of the traveller, but the epicure will do well to leave them to their legitimate use of being converted into cider. Of the walnuts oil is made in large quantities.

In ascending the valley of Lauterbrunnen, the view is shut in by the huge pyramid of rock which separates the two sources of the Lutschine: that on the left-hand flows from Grindelwald, to which a car road here branches; while that on the right has its rise in the Tchingel glacier. The mountains, of limestone formation, rise at first very abruptly from the valley; but verdant spaces occur farther up in the ascent—rich pasture grounds and meadows, sprinkled with huts, round which the pine forest rears its dark shadows. The hamlet of Lauterbrunnen is three miles above the bifurcation of the stream, and shortly after this point glimpses of the vast snow fields of the Jungfrau are discovered, from which, as they melt, silver streams pour down on all sides over the walls of the rocky amphitheatre. The most conspicuous of these is the celebrated Staubbach fall, which is on the right of the road, about a quarter of a mile beyond the Capricorn or Steinbock Inn at Lauterbrunnen. Emerging from a forest of pines, and pushed forward at its first descent by some projecting layer of slate, the stream flutters backwards and forwards before the rock, rainbow

haunted in the morning, and ghostly and grey in the evening. In its fall of upwards of 800 feet it loses its consistency, and becomes frittered into a network of glittering pearls, which seem to reach the ground with difficulty; once concentrated again, however, the waters resume their force, and roll forward in a vigorous stream.

Some little time before reaching the inn, the road passes between dirty cottages at straggling intervals, and the traveller is pestered by the importunities of all the more vigorous portion of the male inhabitants, who proffer their services as guides. Their mode of attacking you is this: Being desirous to get a look at the falls before dark, I was walking at a good pace, perhaps five miles an hour; but from time to time I found myself overtaken by some sturdy-looking young fellow, who stalked up to my side without apparently any effort, and introduced himself to me as an able and willing conductor across the Oberland. Some of them spoke a little French, some none at all; but I contrived to make all understand that I could dispense with their services, and they dropped off in succession after a spurt by my side of a few hundred yards. They generally selected for their attack a spot where the ascent was most against the collar, thinking probably that here their prowess in walking would be most conspicuous; but I have reason to believe their capabilities in this respect are affected rather than real. I never quickened or slackened my pace, when boarded by these gentlemen; and as they usually tailed off when

they found they were only wasting their energies, we never came to anything like a trial of speed. Once, afterwards, near Lake Lucerne, I had a regular contest with a guide, who was desirous to accompany me to Brienz, whither we were both bound; but as I preferred journeying alone, I resolved to shake him off. He attached himself to me in the steamer, and we landed side by side, taking the road together at Stanzadt; but I had the disadvantage of being weighted, carrying a knapsack, while he had none. For the first two miles the road was pretty level, and we kept well together; then came a longish hill, in ascending which he was evidently rather pressed; but fancying that I must be equally so, he affected to be quite at his ease, and though we had neither of us any spare breath, we conversed as we went along. Arrived at the top, he thought the worst was over, and complimented me on my good walking, at the same time observing, that though it might be all very well on level ground, we had come up the hill at too great a pace. I at once saw that he had no chance: in descending I knew that my long legs must tell, and I directly began to walk away from him, waiting for him at a little distance, and then going away again. It was midday, and the sun was shining full on our heads, but for me it is never too hot; and what discouraged him most was to see me looking so fresh and scarcely warm, while he was bathed in perspiration. At last he gave in, and begged that I would proceed, leaving him to follow at his own pace, and we parted very amicably, expecting

to meet again that evening at Brienz ; but whether or not he stopped short, I do not know : I never saw him again. Up hill, or for a short burst, the Swiss guides can sometimes manage a fair pace ; but they are deficient both in pluck and physical stamina for surmounting the fatigue of a real hard day.

I must own, however, that in the valley of the Rhone, I fell in with a Chamounix guide, with whom I walked a dozen miles at the close of a long day, and whom I found quite my match. He had just parted from a gentleman, to whom he had acted as guide over the passes of the Monte Rosa, but had left him at Zermatt completely knocked up ; and seeing that my powers of walking were pretty good, he was very anxious that I should engage him as guide, to take me round Mont Blanc—a tour which occupies five or six days ; but I believe the grand scenery on the side of the Allée Blanc well repays the outlay of time and labour. I agreed with him to accept his service should the weather continue favourable, and an arrangement was entered into that when the day was fixed for the start he should meet me on the road, at a certain distance from the village, in order to evade the tyrannical laws of the Chamounix “ chef-de-guides,” who enforces a system of most rigid routine ; the guides and mules are all duly inscribed in his book, and neither man nor beast, for love or money, can be taken out of his exact turn, and Hobson’s choice is the only one allowed. At Chamounix, indeed, the guide nuisance is established in its most arbitrary and vexatious

form. No interlopers are allowed, but a regular corps is under the direction of the principal municipal authorities, who by a tariff, provide how many men and at what pay shall be taken on the different excursions. Four guides are required for each traveller ascending Mont Blanc, besides porters; and from this spot no one is permitted to make the attempt without first lodging 400 francs in the hands of the authorities. On the subject of guides in general I must here make a few remarks. Travellers mostly seem to think that in a mountainous country guides are indispensable, or that even if the road be plain, by their assistance such a saving of time is effected, and so much local information and insight into native character, which would otherwise escape us, is acquired without difficulty, that there is no greater mistake than to attempt to pilot oneself. Such, however, is not my opinion: knowledge of no kind is acquired, or at any rate retained by the mind, unless there be difficulty more or less in the search for it. A book written in a foreign language, which we have studied with grammar and dictionary, is less soon forgotten than one which we have read with a translation. So it is with a country. Take two persons of equal intelligence, and let them travel over the same country in the same period of time, one with guides and the other without; let them afterwards compare notes, and then decide which method conduces to the best acquaintance with the country and people, and which of the two can best recal the incidents of his tour. Every peak he has climbed, every

torrent he has forded, the kind word he has exchanged with the passing peasant, the mossy bank on which he rested, and the distant crag which served for a landmark, will be long after familiar to the mind of him who by map and compass has found a track for himself; while the general features of the country, the every-day habits of the people, will scarce be recollected by the other, who has only received his impression secondhand through the eyes and tongue of his guide. What real instruction do we derive from the confused catalogue of names which the hired cicerone pours into our ear? Which pleasure is the greatest, to discover beauties for oneself, or to have them forced upon us as objects that we must admire? I have travelled in different countries, sometimes with companions, and sometimes quite alone. Each of these conditions, no doubt, has its own advantages and pleasures, which I shall presently consider; but from the companionship of a professional guide, whose ideas are probably not less foreign to our own than his language, I cannot think there is much instruction to be derived, and still less gratification. To me, the main charm of travelling is the feeling of independence, which is never felt so powerfully as when we wander along with all our immediate luggage in the knapsack on our back, and utterly free to take up our night-quarters wherever the close of day overtakes us; indifferent whether it be the shelter of a first-class hotel or a hay chalet, and under no great distress if we are driven to bivouac under the starry sky. For this reason I

always send forward the chief part of my luggage to some large town ; for on arriving there, it is a great pleasure to find the means of once more appearing as a gentleman, and after roughing it for a week or ten days, the luxury is more appreciated. The very small knapsack that I take with me contains nothing but two shirts, two pair of socks, two pocket-handkerchiefs, hair-brush and comb, tooth-brush, and some few drawing materials. All over Switzerland you may get your linen washed in a couple of days. At the Hotel Byron I entrusted a shirt to the "blanchisseuse" at eight o'clock in the morning, and put it on clean, well starched and dry, at seven o'clock that same evening. It should be observed, however, that in most places there are two tariffs in washing, for "grande vitesse" and "petite vitesse," and the tourist who commits his things to the latter will have to wait at least a week. A good map of the country and compass are almost indispensable, and a small Horace, Lucretius, or Virgil may also be carried with advantage by the traveller who has no other company. Above all, never omit to have a small flask of brandy and a roll or biscuit in the pocket; it is impossible to depend upon always obtaining food at the time one feels hungry or exhausted through the want of it; and though it may not be often that this happens, the feeling that you have something to fall back on, if driven to it, will be a great satisfaction, and itself will do much to keep up the spirit under cold and fatigue. It is delightful to find how little a man absolutely wants,

and I think this equipment is quite sufficient. A change of shoes, as also a waterproof covering of some sort, might be a desirable addition, but this would increase the weight, and in a long day's walk over mountains I have found the above just what I could carry without fatigue: besides, if one chooses one's time well, one need very rarely get wet: there is no advantage to be got by walking through beautiful scenery, when the clouds shut out the view, and the rain prevents all enjoyment; at such seasons it is best to remain a prisoner in the inn, wherever one happens to be: "stone walls do not a prison make," and one is sometimes thankful for such an opportunity of putting the finishing touch to hasty sketches, or filling up the arrears of a journal. *

* Since this was written I have made several experiments with the aneroid barometer, in calculating the height of mountains, and have been so much pleased with the accuracy of the results, that I can confidently recommend any one, to whom the addition of three or four pounds weight to his luggage is no great obstruction, to provide himself with one of these ingenious instruments; which, independently of its more ordinary use in ascertaining what is likely to be the state of the weather, by its capability of measuring altitudes will conduce not a little to the interest and amusement of the traveller. By following the formula given by Leslie, he will arrive at a tolerably close approximation to the exact height. The rule is as follows:—Note the exact barometric pressure at the base, and at the summit of the elevation; and then make the following proportion:—As the sum of the two pressures is to their difference, so is the constant number 52,000 feet to the answer required in feet. Example: Suppose Snowdon be the mountain whose height we wish to compute. At starting we take the height of the barometer, at the level of Lake Padarn, which we find to be 29·81: at the top of Snowdon we find it has fallen to 26·27. The sum then is,

As 29·81 + 26·27 : 29·81 — 26·27 : : 52,000 to answer in feet.
 =As 56·08 : 3·54 : : 52,000 to answer.
 = 184080·00 ÷ 56·08
 = 3282·4 the height in feet.

By the same way we may compute the height of Lake Padarn.

Of course such an outfit as the above will not suffice for any lengthened period; but this division of luggage into "*impedimenta minora*" and "*majora*" will be found materially to contribute to the traveller's independence. The latter can always be sent by the post from town to town with perfect security; and though the charge for carriage is somewhat heavy, I believe this plan promotes economy as well as comfort. The majority of pedestrians choose to toil under a huge knapsack strapped to their shoulders, containing all their effects. On level ground, and for a moderate distance, such a load is burdensome; but up-hill, or for a long day's march, it becomes intolerable: they are then forced to hire

above the sea. The barometer at Lake Padarn is found to stand at 29.09. At high-water mark, Caernarvon, it has risen to 29.40. This will give Lake Padarn 275.6 feet above the sea. 275.6 added to 3282.4 will give 3558 feet as the height of Snowdon. The height of the mountain, according to the Ordnance survey, is 3571 feet; but this probably is taken from the top of the carn, which is some 12 feet higher than the actual summit.

Of course the results are not perfectly accurate, but sufficiently so to be depended on as a near approximation in temperate climates for all heights under 5,000 feet, and, therefore, available for all the elevations of Britain. Where the heights are much greater, to approach accuracy, we must correct for temperature, which may be done as follows:—Take the mean temperature at the two elevations; if that be 69 Fahr., no correction is necessary; if above that quantity, add 1.480ths to the whole height found, for each degree above 69 degrees; if below, subtract the same quantity.

The traveller will take care to carry with him a few lucifer matches of some sort or other; but I am especially recommended the sort called "*Lances flammigères*," which under the title of "*dread-noughts*," may be procured at most tobacconists. These produce a flame which the strongest wind cannot blow out. A small bull'-eye lantern and wax taper might also prove a desirable acquisition to those tourists, whether carriage or pedestrian, who are at all given to loiter on their journey after sunset. More than once after watching the setting sun from a mountain top, I should have been glad of such an assistance in my descent.

a man or boy to trudge along by their side, and carry the weight, which though heartily sick of, they are not ashamed to impose upon shoulders probably less broad than their own. One gentleman I met, a strong and active man of 30, who told me, that having applied for some one to carry his knapsack in one of the more secluded valleys, beyond the beat of the guides and porters, who swarm in the more frequented tracks, a young girl of sixteen was assigned to him as fully competent. The girl herself seemed to make nothing of it, indeed she had probably been accustomed to a heavier load; so finding he could obtain no one else, he accepted her offered service. The knapsack weighed at least 15 lbs., and she carried it at a brisk pace for a distance of as many miles, apparently without fatigue. My friend told me that though on the level ground he occasionally slackened his pace to rest her, up-hill she made all the running, and seemed never out of breath. This gentleman, who I may observe was an American, and a slave-holder, seemed to have had some compunction at employing her: to me, as I believe to most Englishmen, the whole pleasure of the walk would have been destroyed, by seeing such a companion toiling at my side. With a man to carry for one, the sense of dependence on another is annoying; but here the unfitness of the being for the labour which our indolence imposes, must create positive pain.

There is an exquisite pleasure in the uncertainty (for danger there scarcely is, under any circumstances) of exploring one's route by the aid of map and com-

pass, and general observation of the country made as you go along. After a little practice it is not at all difficult, and one is rarely at a loss unless surprised by a fog, and under such a difficulty the local knowledge of the guide is of little use to him, unless he is sufficiently at home to know every stone and tuft of grass. I have walked through most of the mountainous districts of England, Scotland, France, and Switzerland; and though I never, when left to my own choice, take a guide, on no occasion have I fallen into a serious difficulty. Of course, one may sometimes miscalculate the distance, and be surprised by dark, or in attempting a too direct line from point to point, lose oneself in a wood, be driven to ford a stream, or flounder through a bog; but these are excitements that contribute not a little to the pleasurable reminiscences of a tour. In France and Switzerland, at least in the Pyrenees and Alps, mule tracks, if nothing more, are so universally laid down, over all the accessible passes, that the traveller will seldom be at a loss: the mountains of the Cantal and Mont d'Or are less visited, and the roads and pathways consequently are less frequent; but I know no country in which more difficulty and devious districts are to be met with, than among the mountains of Cumberland and the Scottish highlands. It might be supposed that the acclivities of a mountain would be more vertical, and the precipices more stupendous in proportion to the height of the whole mass; but this is by no means the case. The most elevated peaks generally spring

from a table-land, considerably raised above the sea level; and the traveller who can scale without dizziness the crags of Scawfell and Helvellyn, need not fear to look down from the peaks of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and the Dent de Midi d'Ossau in the Pyrenees, which of all the mountains I have seen, excepting perhaps the Finster Aarhorn, presents to view the most formidable angle, rising from the serrated chain sharp as the tooth of a shark. One of the sides of Monte Rosa is very precipitous: an abrupt slope of between seven and eight thousand feet descends immediately from the summit to the glacier of Macuguaga; but it is not perpendicular. Mrs. Somerville* says, that in no spot in the Alps is there to be found a wall of rock which has 1,600 feet of perpendicular height, or a vertical slope of 90° , and that the declivity of Mont Blanc towards the Allée Blanche, precipitous as it seems, does not amount to 45° . The buttress of rock, up which the Gemmi Pass creeps in such wonderful zigzags, may have been what Mrs. Somerville had in view when she assigns the maximum of perpendicular height; for in one part of it, according to Murray, and I can quite believe him, the plumb-line may be dropped for 1,600 feet. From the valley below, this barrier seems impassable; but by means of a series of galleries overhanging one another, that worm their way up the rocky wall, the ascent even on mules is accomplished without difficulty; and unless you purposely peer over at the

* "Physical Geography," vol. i. p. 54.

angles where the pathway turns, so small a portion of the whole depth is exposed at once to view, that the most timid need not be deterred by any fear of giddiness. Indeed, over all passes below the region of snow, the traveller who can walk need never hesitate to seek his way without a guide. Even where there is no track, the streams which flow down to the valleys from each side of the watershed will form an invariable guide in crossing mountain ridges; and it may be taken as a general axiom by the active pedestrian, that where water falls he may make his way. Of course, there are exceptions wherever there is a fall of any magnitude; but the streams generally select for their course the gentlest declivities, and their beds are frequently overhung by bushes and rank grass, which will afford a convenient help in descending the steeper inclines. If overtaken by mist on the top of an unknown mountain that is at all craggy, I have found it a good plan to set stones on end by way of land-marks as I went along. The eye at once distinguishes a stone so placed, from those which are piled by nature; and by this means, without any great sacrifice of time, one may proceed, certain at all events of finding the way back. The only spots where in my opinion the traveller may not well dispense with a guide are the glaciers; and the larger snow-fields, the region of "firn" or "haut névé," that lie above them. In crossing these their assistance is necessary, though that of companions, active and cool-headed, accustomed to traverse the "Hochgebirge" may be

sufficient. For, after all, a certain weight of men is the principal thing that is required; and if a party of not less than three will take ordinary precautions, I believe in most places they may do very well without professed guides. There are certainly some passes, such as that of the Strahleck, between Grindelwald and the Grimsel, where local knowledge will be found very serviceable to those who are foolhardy enough to undertake such an enterprise; but as the *crevasses* are constantly changing,* the traveller who has had some experience on the ice will be inclined to rely upon his own judgment, and the ordinary glaciers may be very well crossed in fine weather without other aid than that of a rope and axe. The *crevasses* usually intersect the ice in lines pretty well parallel, and the direction of their slope, if it varies, does so gradually; in this case a passage round them may usually be found, but where the change is sudden, and one series of fissures meets another crossing it at right angles, there is more difficulty, and the *crevasses* must be crossed by means of steps cut with the ice-axe. In crossing these *crevasses* there is always some amount of danger, as a slip would probably be attended with fatal consequences; and I own that I am not fond of these expeditions on the ice, whether with or without guides. On a material that affords so treacherous a footing, I cannot peer, without shuddering, into those azure chasms, which the eye vainly seeks to pene-

* See Appendix note A.

trate, extending as they often do to a depth of two or three hundred feet. Still, to a man of tolerably firm nerves and steady head, qualities more indispensable than any guide, these will present no insuperable obstacle, and one seldom hears of an accident in crossing them. Two friends of mine, who made their way across the Rhone glaciers without any guide, had nothing but an alpenstock, with which to chip steps in the ice, wherever a *crevasse* intervened too wide to step over, which I believe only happened twice. I could only be induced to accompany them part of the way, and then turned back, preferring to go round, not without some anxiety lest they should lose their way in the labyrinth of *crevasses*, into which the ice in some parts seemed split; and some guides whom I met shortly afterwards, as was natural, did all they could to increase my alarm by representing the extreme danger of the attempt. My friends, nevertheless, had safely reached the other side, long before I got round to meet them, and they assured me they met with no obstacle which need have turned me back.

Of course, a man who avowedly travels without guides is looked upon with little favour by that large swarm of licensed mendicants, who make their annual living out of the strangers who throng their country during the summer months, and without whom a large class of persons think that the easiest and most frequented roads cannot be safely travelled. A French lady, whom I met with on the top of the Faulhorn, attended by her husband and usual com-

plement of guides, mules, &c., made a remark to me very illustrative of this feeling. She could not understand how for pleasure any one should travel alone; and when she learnt that I had not even a guide with me, she expressed great solicitude lest some accident should befall me in the course of my solitary wanderings. With stories of different persons who had been lost in the Jura Mountains and elsewhere, she tried all she could to convince me of the inexpediency of travelling alone, and at parting she gave me her affectionate benediction: "Dieu vous garde, monsieur, puisque vous allez tout seul," as though if I had companions I might dispense with God's protection: well might I have answered in the words of our great poet:

" Yet doubt not but in valley and in plain
God is, as here; and will be found alike
Present; and of his presence many a sign
Still following thee, still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal love, his face
Express, and of his steps the track divine." *

Or as the son of Sirach long ago expressed it:

" A man that hath travelled knoweth many things; and he that hath much experience will declare wisdom.

" He that hath no experience knoweth little: but he that hath travelled is full of prudence.

" When I travelled, I saw many things; and I understand more than I can express.

" I was oftentimes in danger of death: yet I was delivered because of these things.

" The spirit of those that fear the Lord shall live; for their hope is in Him that saveth them.

" Whoso feareth the Lord shall not fear, nor be afraid; for He is his hope.

" Blessed is the soul of him that feareth the Lord: to whom doth he look? and who is his strength?

* " Paradise Lost," Book xi.

“ For the eyes of the Lord are upon them that love Him ; he is their mighty protection, and strong stay ; a defence from heat, and a cover from the sun at noon ; a preservation from stumbling, and an help from falling.

“ He raiseth up the soul, and lighteneth the eyes : He giveth health, life, and blessing.”—

Ecclesiasticus xxxiv. 9-17.

One more often meets an Englishman travelling by himself, than a native of any other country ; foreigners indeed generally, and the French in particular, seem to have no idea of enjoyment under any circumstances without society. This, united to another axiom of the foreigner never to walk when he can ride, makes his notion of touring essentially different from our own. The Englishman who has travelled in the Pyrenees must have been disgusted beyond measure by the frivolity and childishness of French tourists, who with cracking whips and idle shouts come galloping down the pass, and disturb the contemplation of those magnificent scenes which are best appreciated in silence and solitude :

“ To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;
Alone o'er steepes and foaming falls to lean—
This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued—
This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude ! ”

BYRON, “ Childe Harold ” cant. ii., stanzas 25, 26.

Travelling in company is obviously unfavourable to the flexibility, the enterprise, and the variety of a foreign tour. The really experienced traveller, who makes a science both of the pleasure and profit of journeying, will have no companion but such as he can pick up on his way, and drop at a moment's choice. Doubtless, your exclamations!! those small cannon with the balls ever flying from their inverted muzzles, go off with more effect when not aimed at the ground. It is charming to explode one's superlatives amid the Alpine heights with more intelligible echoes than theirs; undeniably sweet it is to turn from the blushes of the Rosenlauri, to a face that blushes without freezing, and to sigh with rapturous equivocation, "how beautiful!" and finer yet, hoarsely to whisper into beauty's ear, as she trembles and clings to our heroic arm, "How sublime!" as the Jungfrau thunders her cataracts of snow down the precipice that fronts the Wengern Alps. But if the beauty and sublimity will not hold longer than it takes to speak them into a sympathetic ear, they will not have sunk very deeply into the soul of the beholder. The indolent desire to substitute the easy and short-lived pleasure of a superficial sympathy, for the real, but painstaking and disciplined delight of senses trained to observation, and a mind and heart kept patiently open to beauty and grandeur, accounts for the little permanent advantage, and the small amount of real satisfaction, which the majority of travellers find in their journeys. There is scarcely anything which

most travellers so much need to learn as the endurance of their own society. He who has not found his own thoughts and his intercourse with nature and art the best society, and his solitary hours his busiest and most social seasons, has yet to learn the principal lesson of travel :

“ Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt
In solitude, where we are least alone ;
A truth which through our being then doth melt,
And purifies from self.”—

“ *Childe Harold*” cant. iii. stanz. 90.

The habit of giving immediate utterance to all we think and feel, is one of the most weakening processes to which a constant companionship exposes us. It is the great peril of the talking professions, that their representatives, like improvident farmers, who sell their crops off the soil, and impoverish their estates, do not keep their emotions and experience for home consumption ; and thus the traveller who wastes himself in an hourly dripping of sympathetic expression, may expect to find himself as empty of the feelings he has poured forth, as a sponge is of water when it has been well squeezed. All great scenes, all great objects, all great people, are better visited alone. One hour of solitude in a gallery of pictures is worth a day of gabbling companionship there ; one hour alone upon the Faulhorn, or in the Coliseum by moonlight, gives birth to thoughts and feelings more likely to enrich the soul, and to leave permanent impressions on the heart, than days passed amid such scenes in the most instructive and sympathetic society. In the present rush of travel, no fear


of loneliness need be entertained by him who starts unaccompanied for any interesting part of the inhabited world ; and one of the disadvantages of a fixed companion is, that it takes away the opportunities of joining chance parties of new and interesting people for a few days, upon special excursions. It is the experience, I believe, of most travellers, that their own countrymen, no matter what the country is, are the least profitable of all persons to associate with. Some go so far as to lay it down as an invariable rule, " Find out where your countrymen resort, and do not go there. Go not to their favourite hotels and restaurants. Employ not their cast-off valets and vetturinos. Seek not their advice. Have nothing to do with their Consuls and Ministers. Be as unpatriotic and denationalised as possible. Associate with a heathen rather than a Christian, a French man sooner than an Englishman, an Asiatic before a European."

This may be good advice, but it is not that which the traveller is always disposed to follow. Having secured a bed, an important preliminary, in the inn at Lauterbrunnen—which I reached in less time than the reader might suppose, from the long digression with which he has been favoured on the road—I prepared to combine in one meal, dinner and supper, at the table d'hôte which was spread for the latter refection : and I chose a seat next two Englishmen, whose faces, in spite of their barbarous and unprofessional appearance, I recognised to have seen before in the Inner Temple Lane. They had come over

from Grindelwald that morning, but the view allowed them by the clouds had been very limited; and they arranged to accompany me the next day as far as the inn on the Wengern Alp, or lesser Schiedeck. We started at 7 A.M., and found the ascent for the first two hours, over a stony mule-track, very steep and fatiguing; though towards the top the slope becomes gentle. One of my companions was only kept up to the mark by constant encouragements, as we surmounted the successive plateaus of table land, only to find another rise behind. Still, as I observed to him, ascending is not nearly such disheartening work as descending: at each step one feels to have made actual progress; whereas in descending, you seem to be merely undoing the work of your previous labour. Besides, in ascending, there is a conviction that the journey upwards must in time come to an end—we cannot mount for ever; but we do not know how low we may have to fall: we have little hope of approaching heaven, but we do not know how far we may stop short of hell. Arrived at the top, the view quite compensated for the toil; the day was all we could desire, and the silver peaks glittered in the sun with dazzling whiteness. It was now only 11 o'clock, and we discovered that we had made one error in starting so early. After some expectation we heard the distant rumbling of the avalanches, which fell on the other side of the mountain; but for a long time we looked in vain for one to fall on the side facing us. The sun was not yet sufficiently high to loosen the snow on this the northern side, and there

was nothing 'to be done but order our dinner and exercise patience. The inn furnished a very savoury mess of chamois stew, dressed in much the same manner, I should suppose, as that which Esau set before Isaac, and I dare say the counterfeit of Jacob is often substituted with success. This was the first time I had tasted this meat in Switzerland, and the host set great store by it, assuring us it was "veritable chamois;" which after all is no great delicacy; the flesh struck me as somewhat less dark and game-like, than that of the izard, the identical species of animal, which contributes so constantly to the "tables d'hôte" in the Pyrenees. The window of the room where we sat fronted the Jungfrau; but though, from time to time, we heard the roar of the avalanches, we could as yet see nothing. It was not till towards two o'clock that our curiosity was gratified, when we saw a ledge of snow topple over, apparently by its own weight; and pour down the mountain side over the rocky terraces like a stream of water, till lost in the desolate valley beneath. During the next hour we saw four other avalanches, but they were all of the smaller kind, technically called "staublawinen," dust avalanches. These are not destructive, as they usually fall in fixed channels, and must not be confounded with the "grundlawinen;" ground avalanches, which occur only in winter and early spring. I believe every one on first seeing an avalanche is disappointed, as he can scarcely conceive that such thundering roars should be produced by a cause apparently so inadequate; but the spectator must recol-

lect that the distance which here separates him from the falling masses is three miles in a direct line ; and by the gigantic proportions of the surrounding mountains all idea of size and space is lost. The upper portion of the intervening ravine between the Jungfrau and the Wengern Alp is fanshaped, rising gently to the left, through a belt of junipers and rhododendrons towards the region of snow ; while the back ground is shut in by the glacier-clad pyramid of the Jungfrau, which overhangs it to the height of 11,000 feet. With one of my friends I made a short excursion on the Eiger Mountain till further progress was barred by a precipitous rock ; from this spot we had a nearer view of the avalanches ; some of them fell within half-a-mile of us, but even these did not appear very terrible : as they poured down the rocky gully, they reminded me of coarse meal running from the hopper of a mill. Here I parted from my companion, and scrambled as I best could down the steep slope, strewn with slaty fragments, to the plateau of heathy ground below, and skirting the stumps of some fir trees that had been swept away by avalanches, soon joined the mule-track that leads to Grindelwald, at which place I arrived as the sun was setting upon the roseate peaks of the mountains that lie above its two glaciers. Long after the light had left the valley, the bare sides of the Wetterhorn and Schreekhorn were bathed in a ruddy glow, which gradually receded to their peaks ; while a cone of fire set far back over the icy waste, that was illumined for at least a minute after all else was dark,



marked the Finster Aarhorn, the culminating apex of the group.

At the Aigle Inn I found moderate accommodation; but the bed had this advantage, that it was not of a nature to encourage indolence; and there was no regret in leaving it at an early hour the next morning. By seven o'clock, having accomplished breakfast, I began to ascend the Faulhorn, the path to which leaves the main street, not many yards from the hotel door. I started in the company of a German student, who spoke little English, and still less French, though in the Greek classics he seemed quite at home. Not feeling competent to converse with him in the language of Thucydides, there was little advantage in his company; and finding his pace not suited to mine, I soon left him behind, striking off for what I conceived to be a short cut through a wood of fir-trees; but it turned out a signal failure, and after losing nearly two hours in wandering among the wooded heights of the Bach Alp, I was obliged to go back to the regular pathway, which to those who are content to keep it, conducts by a very easy and unmistakeable track to the summit of the Faulhorn. I reached the top about one, having loitered on the way, for the day had turned out so fine that I resolved to spend the night in the inn that stands there, and not lose the opportunity of seeing a fine sunset from such an elevation. It is erroneously supposed that the highest human habitation in Europe is this inn on the summit of the Faulhorn, which stands 8,140 feet above the sea; but

not to mention the hospice on the Great St. Bernard, which stands at 8,173 feet, the post-house on the Stelvio is at an elevation of 8,610 feet, and there are some rude huts on the St. Theodule pass at a height of 10,416 feet. I was the first person at the top that day, and so of course had no difficulty in securing a bed-room; but such a number of persons, upwards of thirty, besides guides, were here congregated before nightfall, that I thought myself fortunate in being obliged to share my small room with only one other. My German friend did not make his appearance till four o'clock; for having followed in the track he saw me take, he did not discover his error till arrived at the top of the precipitous rock that faces, and indeed overlooks, for it is some hundred feet higher, the summit of the Faulhorn. A dinner was provided by the host at three o'clock, and a supper at eight; the fare was precisely the same, and that not very first-rate, but the keen air provoked an appetite not over-critical, and I did ample justice to the board on each occasion. The inn afforded some very fair beer, which was the more grateful as the wine was execrable; and I did not think the excuse of the host, that we ought to consider with what labour everything had to be brought up from the valley, was an apology for the quality, though it might have been for the quantity. I may here observe that very fair bottled beer is not unfrequently to be obtained in Switzerland; a beverage which I think far better and more wholesome than the sour wine of the country. Of the wine the best

sort to my taste is the Yvorne, which provided it be the "*première qualité*" is drinkable, and not unlike Saunterne. Travellers in foreign countries are very apt to complain of the prevalence of cholera, which they attribute to local influence. I believe scarcely one Englishman has travelled through the Pyrenees without an attack of dysentery; but I fancy the variety of made-dishes, many of which are over-seasoned only to conceal a natural taint, and the thinness and acidity of the wines, are mainly responsible for the derangement of a stomach hitherto accustomed to beefsteaks and port. Among the party at the dinner-table were two young English lads, who were under the charge of a French gentleman and lady—I suppose for the sake of education. The amusing thing was, that I sat next to them; but all our conversation was carried on in bad French, and we talked together for at least half an hour before discovering we were countrymen. This party in the course of the afternoon descended on the opposite side of the mountain, by the path which leads to the lake of Brienz, and which does not seem by any means so steep or difficult as Murray describes it, winding as it does in a considerable sweep round the precipice which is on that side of the mountain.

It was not till six o'clock, that the last party of wayfarers had ascended, and we all stood on the narrow platform behind the inn (with which, by this time, I had become pretty well acquainted), to watch the gorgeous effect of the setting sun.

- Strange and wild was the aspect of the mountain world brought immediately before our eyes. The gigantic peaks immediately facing us, all belonged to the Finster Aarhorn group, of which all that exceed 12,000 feet consist of slaty gneiss, the granite here forming only the lower ridges. Around in savage majesty stood icy peaks and galleries of rock, many of them never trodden by human foot, scarcely even by that of the chamois, while at their very feet a party of noisy pleasure-seekers seemed to triumph in having surmounted one of their principal outposts. The twanging notes of the Alpine horn re-echoed among their heights, mingling with the bells of the mules and the many-tongued voices of human beings; but the ancient repose of the mountains is undisturbed by the busy hum: they slumber on for their thousands of years—dreaming, it may be, of the ocean waves which once dashed against them; of the colossal fire which upheaved them from their mother-earth; of the variegated shells and fish which sported on their peaks and in their clefts: then how the water slowly ebbed away; how the luxurious shrubs and palms of the South waved freshly over their summits; how, next, their slopes were clothed with the chestnut and lime; and how, finally, all life sank down gradually into the valley, the storms swept off their coating of soil, their winters lengthened, and their summers shortened; how the snow, once an element unknown to them, first became stationary on their surfaces, and then towered up in lofty masses, till snow and ice, and gloom and storm

became fixed features of their realm. Perhaps, in their inmost recesses may be traced the ruins of a yet more beauteous primeval state, veins of precious gold running deep within the bosom of the rocks, and beds of crystal, and nests of glittering gems. But to the outward eye they are dreary, lifeless masses; and each succeeding century buries them more deeply beneath their load of snow and ice, and crumbles away their naked ribs.*

By the transparency of the atmosphere the sense of distance was almost lost; the purple outline of the far-off Jura was scarce less sharp than that of the mountains immediately in front. The sky above seemed to reflect the glowing hues of the earth, as the graduated tints of an Alpine sunset successively overcame it. Far away in the east, crimson bars of cirri floated over Pilâtre and the Rigi; to the west the horizon was scarcely discernible through the sea of waving flame in which all on that side was drowned. Gradually, as the light faded, the mists rising from the valleys weaved a veil round the lower hills; the loftier pinnacles, peak after peak, resumed their cold lustreless robe of white, in strong contrast to their late roseate splendour; and last of all, the colour left the crimson cirri, which now flecked the deep-blue sky with wreaths of ashy grey. The cold soon became excessive; and on retreating within the inn, places near the wood-fire, which we there found kindled, were in great demand. After

* See Appendix note B.

supper some of the party turned out once more, to see the mountains by moonlight; but as this luminary was not yet risen, it was very dark, though I had the satisfaction of thinking that my eight hours' sojourn on the top had not been altogether wasted, as two ladies confided themselves to me to keep them off the precipice on the north side. The air was too keen for star-gazing, and we soon withdrew to make our arrangements for the night. In the inn we found all in confusion. The ladies, and the more favoured of the men, were told off to occupy the apartments upstairs, in lots of two, three, and four; but the later arrivals, to the number of about ten, were forced to bivouac on the floor in one common room. I should mention that building, or rather carpentry-work, for the whole structure is of wood, was going on, so that another year visitors may hope to find increased accommodation; but even then, those who do not care to rough it, will do well in securing beds beforehand. My room was at the extreme end of the house, where the works were in progress; and the temporary outer wall was but a poor protection against the cold: the only other occupant was a German, a harmless middle-aged gentleman, far more taciturn when awake than when asleep. His snoring did not, however, disturb my rest, and I hope he was as little inconvenienced by me. Early in the morning I was awake by a rapping at the wall, which proceeded from the wife of my companion, who seemed to fear lest the less energetic nature of her husband should induce

him to prefer his bed to the prospect of the rising sun. I immediately got up, thus seconding her expostulations by my example, and some minutes afterwards he did the same. It was amusing to watch his toilet: he certainly did not waste time in ablutions; the least corner of a wet napkin drawn across his moustache was the only contact with the pure element he allowed himself *that* morning; but seeing that I made a more prodigal use of the scanty quantity provided for me, he thought it necessary to explain that he intended to return and perform afterwards what he had left undone. I made a point of revisiting our room after breakfast, just before we all left, to see whether or not this had been a mere excuse, but am sorry to say my inspection only proved that his regard for veracity and cleanliness were on a par. By a quarter to five, most of us were again standing on the plateau, from which twelve hours before we had seen the sun set. One after another, we watched the mountains start into light, as they were struck by the slanting rays; and the tumultuous and gorgeous confusion of the clouds, as they fled away before the dawn, was very beautiful; but on the whole I was inclined to prefer the spectacle of the preceding evening. Which of the two may be more picturesque, I will not say; but I think there is something more pleasing to most minds in the warm glow, the deep shadows, and calm serenity of the sunset, than in the more cool, active, and progressive light that ushers in the day.

The view from the Faulhorn is often compared to that from the Rigi, some persons preferring the more expanded panorama, and expanse of water seen from the latter, to the awful magnificence of the snow mountains so contiguous to the Faulhorn, but of which the view is partially shut out by the Bach Alp, which one regrets cannot be blown up. For my own part, of these two mountains I should select the Faulhorn; but the traveller who ascends either on a fine day will not be disappointed. The weather, after all, is everything: to climb a mountain when this is unfavourable is a display of vanity of the very weakest kind. Of the number of tourists who in the course of each summer sleep in the inns of the Rigi Kulm and the Faulhorn, how large a portion are obliged to descend scarcely having a glimpse of sun, mountain, or lake! "*Le soleil ne se couche pas ce soir,*" or "*ne se lève pas ce matin,*" is too often the only answer which the host can make to the dissatisfied queries of the expectant guests; perhaps, if the truth were known, not displeased at the chance of ~~their~~ remaining to swell his not very moderate bill by the expenses of another night. One party I met at Lucerne, who had been up the Rigi no less than five times, without once obtaining a view that could be called satisfactory. Fortunate then, indeed, did I think myself in having seen, perhaps, the finest sunset and sunrise of the year from the site, perhaps, the most favourable; for it must be remembered that from a loftier eminence than the Faulhorn, which is more than 2,000 feet higher than the Rigi, the gorgeous

effects would have been dissipated or lost from the rarefaction of the atmosphere: in the dead green hue which the sheets of water assume, as seen from these elevations, is the first evidence of this dissipation of the blue rays.

To the refractive power of the atmosphere we owe the splendour of sunrise and sunset. When the sun is on the horizon, his beams reach the eye through a long column of dense air; the more refrangible rays are dispersed, and the eye receives the red and orange rays undiluted, especially through the serene air of a summer evening. As the brilliant hues of sunset melt away, the blue tone which the atmosphere has acquired by the dispersion of the most refrangible rays, but which was lost in the splendour of sunset, gradually reappears, and mingling with the ruddy gleam sheds the purple light of evening on the softened landscape. As the sun descends more below the horizon, the purple colour fades away, and gradually gives place to the "faint erroneous ray" that flings half an image on the strained eye.

The atmosphere itself is invisible; but the column of air interposed between the eye and distant objects invests them with an azure hue. This tint depends upon the greater refrangibility of the blue rays of light than of those towards the other end of the spectrum. When a ray of white undecomposed light enters our atmosphere, the red and yellow rays pass with little deviation from a rectilinear course; but the blue rays are dispersed in the air, and affect the colour of objects beheld through a long column of

atmosphere. As we ascend lofty mountains, the refractive power of the air diminishes with its density, and hence the blue tint is lost in the blackness produced by the want of refraction. I have never yet ascended a mountain sufficiently high to observe this phenomenon, which is only noticeable at heights more than 10,000 feet above the sea. I hope another year to be able to verify this from personal observation; but the traveller on the higher ridges of the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayas, will not fail to have remarked the peculiar deep hue, approaching black, which the sky assumes at this elevation. Saussure remarked that on Mont Blanc a certain mystical obscurity prevailed, even on the clearest days, and the sun appeared pale and feeble like the moon. It is a mistake, therefore, to suppose that on the highest alpine peaks the days are longer than they are in the valleys, and that night is a kind of uncertain twilight, which lasts for a few hours between evening and morning; whereas the state of things is exactly the reverse. In this region no morning or evening glow is perceptible. As long as the sun is in the heavens, it is full day; but when the huge murky disc has sunk below the horizon, the world fades from the eye almost instantaneously, and in a few minutes utter darkness prevails, until the obscurity of the night is relieved by the light of the moon. Day-break is equally sudden. No splendid glow illumines the surrounding peaks, as in the glorious sunrises which are seen from the lower mountain summits; the dark red orb emerges phantom-like

from among the shadowy outlines of the distant eastern ranges, and sheds at first a flickering light over the vast world around. For the space of a minute, without exactly seeing it, a struggle is felt to be going on between light and darkness—an indescribable kind of undulation takes place in the atmosphere, and all at once it is day. Strange to say, the nearer valleys, and then the more distant lowlands, seem first to be lighted up, and daylight to travel thence upward into the high mountains.

At six o'clock we sat down to breakfast, and by seven the whole party had taken their departure; some to Grindelwald, and some turning off by the path to the Scheideck, which strikes off to the left, just below the lake. With this last detachment I marched; but when we had reached the shoulder of the hill, undeterred by the previous day's experience of short cuts, I struck out a route for myself across the well-wooded slopes that lead down to the valley of Rosenlaid. By so doing I certainly took a more direct, as well as more interesting course, than by keeping to the pathway which passes the inn on the Scheideck; but the underwood in some parts was very tangled, and the sides of the hill were so steep that I had some difficulty in scrambling down. At last I reached the vale of Rosenlaid; and having dined at the very excellent inn, which stands on the brink of the stream, started to see the glacier which is so much talked of, and which certainly does excel all those I have seen, in the purity and intense blue of the ice. But from this, and its accessibility, it is

one of the sights that no one omits seeing, and the place is proportionately infested by waiters on Providence, in the shape of guides. Before reaching the glacier the bed of a torrent is crossed, which flows hundreds of feet below; a peasant generally is found lurking on the bridge, to gratify the curiosity and test the liberality of the passer-by, by dropping fragments of rock down the chasm, which is so steep that some seconds elapse before the splash. A little farther on stands a *châlet*, where a man waits to conduct the traveller upon the ice, who, as he peers into those icy caves, will be, probably, not sorry to have some one to hold his arm. The Rosenlaui glacier has, I believe, been formed within the last 100 years: but one can scarcely believe that those huge pinnacles of upturned ice are a thing comparatively of yesterday. The varied and beautiful colouring of the glacier is finely exhibited by the walls of the larger *crevasses*, which penetrate to unfathomable depths, and are sometimes filled, from 20 to 30 feet high, with melted water. My conductor told me of a lady who had crossed the glacier that morning, and at last persuaded me to emulate her example; but not being able to accompany me himself, he handed me over to the guidance of his son, who I was sorry to find spoke no French. Having mounted the left side of the glacier to a considerable height, over rocks thickly carpeted with strawberry plants and rhododendrons, we got down to the ice over the very rough and disagreeable *moraine* formed at its side. Steps were chipped in the blocks of ice, which lay

in our way ; but the footing afforded seemed so insecure, that I hesitated to trust myself to them, in spite of the proffered arm of the guide, in which, perhaps, my confidence was not so great as that of the lady who had passed over in the morning. It appeared to me that the ice was less broken, some hundred yards higher, and I made my guide take me to make an attempt at a spot I selected. He at first objected that the inclination of the ice was here too great (the slope of a glacier is almost invariably more rapid in the upper and lower portions than in the middle); and there certainly did seem to be some risk of shooting down the inclined and slippery plane : by using caution, however, and chipping steps before us occasionally, we succeeded in reaching the other side, from which we descended by a rugged, though not difficult path, to the chalet from which he had started. Crystals, collected on the surrounding mountains, are here exposed for sale, as well as the carved images of wood, which are said to be nowhere so well executed as at Rosenlauri ; and my guide was so importunate that I should purchase, that I was obliged to carry off several specimens of the crystals, and a model of the bouquetin, steinbock, or ibex. Some few of these animals are, I believe, still occasionally seen on the Monte Rosa ; and in the museums of Zurich, Neuchâtel, and Berne, there are fine specimens ; these and the wooden effigies will, probably, in a few years be the only remains of a race that was once among the noblest ornaments of the Alps.

In thus burdening myself, I did not forget that

these would be troublesome additions to my knapsack, to carry about with me during the next week ; but the only alternative the man gave me of evading the purchase, was to arrange with him to cross the Strahleck pass the next day, and, that we might part friends, I was obliged to choose the minor evil. On returning to Rosenlauri, I found that my anxiety as to being overburdened might prove groundless ; for having left my knapsack in the inn while climbing the glacier, a guide to a German baron had carried it off with him, taking it as part of his master's multifarious effects. Luckily we were both travelling the same road, and as he had named the Reichenbach Hotel as his destination for that night, I was spared any indecision as to which should be mine. It was five o'clock when I started from Rosenlauri, and I could have wished for more time to look back on the majestic pyramids of the Wetterhorn, Wellhorn, and Engelhorner, which are seen to great advantage from the green pastures below this spot. Before descending the valley of Meiringen, the amateur of waterfalls will do well to visit the falls of the Reichenbach on the left of the road ; otherwise, in order to view the upper fall, —which is, I believe, the finest,—he will have to reascend a steep and stony path ; an amount of toil for which the sight hardly compensates. The stream of the Aar and an intervening mile of meadow-land separate the hamlet of Reichenbach from the town of Meiringen : at each of these places there are two or three good inns, but I had no reason to be

dissatisfied with the one to which the choice of the German baron consigned me. At the Reichenbach Hotel my knapsack was handed to me with many expressions of regret, which perhaps was only felt on account of the owner turning up; the spirit-flask in the side-pocket had been emptied, though all the other contents were quite safe.

The next morning proved wet; but in spite of it, several parties started on horseback for the Grimsel, trusting that the day would mend. It was not till twelve o'clock that the day became sufficiently fine to induce me to venture; and having first made an early dinner, I set out a little before one o'clock, having at least eighteen miles to accomplish before reaching the Grimsel. This valley is one of the most picturesque in Switzerland, from the agreeable and ever-changing colour of the rocks which bound it. The road winds along the banks of the river Aar, which it frequently crosses, on bridges more or less suspended above the stream, incessantly ascending and descending. Forests of beech and pine are alternated with glades of rhododendron and other dwarf shrubs, and from these the traveller emerges upon an open country equally varied in its character. At one time the eye wanders over a verdant pasture dotted with hamlets and farm buildings; an angle of the rock is passed, and the plain strewn only with chaotic fragments presents a picture of desolation. But it is impossible adequately to describe these majestic and astonishing scenes. In description

they must all appear nearly the same; yet, in fact, every river, cataract, rock, mountain, precipice, is respectively distinguished by an infinite diversity of modification, and by all the possible forms of beauty, sublimity, or horror. But these discriminating variations, though too visibly marked to escape even the least-observing eye, elude representation, and defy the strongest powers of the pen and pencil.

At Guttanen, a desolate-looking village, after three hours' sharp walking, I overtook a young Irishman, whom I had met at Interlachen; and in his company was a German, a curious figure for a walking tour, with spectacles, an umbrella, and a tailcoat. He had attached himself to my friend two days before, and in his guidance seemed to have implicit confidence—not without reason, as he was a capital walker, had made the ascent of Mont Blanc from the baths of St. Gervais, and was the only man I met with, not a native, who could slide down a slope of snow in the orthodox fashion, leaning back on his alpenstock. The German was of the same class as the one I met on the Faulhorn, wandering without any fixed route or will of his own, but dependent on some chance companion to fix his destination. Both of them spoke more or less English, but no French; and I was struck by the large proportion of educated Germans, whom one meets quite ignorant of this latter language.

We of course stopped at Handeck to see the falls of the Aar, which are certainly one of the sights of Switzerland.

“ No sound of living Nature echoes here ;
Nought, save of waters in their wild career,
Swift from some glacier prison-house escaping,
And to the distant vale their dark course shaping.

“ Here never strays the wandering breath of May ;
No birds leap lightly on the odorous spray ;
Scantly the moss and lichens deck with green
The desolate fragments of that ruin-scene.”

When we left here it was past sunset, and as the remaining part of the road to the Grimsel is dreary beyond expression, I had some misgiving lest in the darkness we should miss our way. Shortly after passing the chalet of Raterisboden, we were very near going wrong, but luckily I was outvoted by my companions. The track which I fancied to be the main one seemed to strike off to the left, crossing the stream—the route over the mountains by which the French general surprised the Austrians in the celebrated skirmish on this spot ; but probably our expedition would have been less successful, as his soldiers did not march by night, but in the early morning and with a guide. At last the lights of the Hospice flashed upon us, and not sorry were we to see them, it being now half-past eight o'clock, and so dark that to keep the exact path was impossible. We found a very sociable party assembled at supper, most of whom started that morning from Meiringen, but the Hospice was fortunately not overfull, and there were bed-rooms for each of us still unoccupied. After supper some of the party had an altercation with their guides, concerning the principle on which they were entitled to charge for their service and

the hire of their horses. A gentleman who had brought horses and guides from Meiringen that morning, wanted to transfer them to a friend he met here, and who proposed leaving for Meiringen on the morrow. The guides contended that they were entitled to charge return fare each way, unless they took back the same party; that is, that the gentleman from Meiringen must pay return hire *from* the Grimsel, and that his friend going to Meiringen must pay return hire *to* the Grimsel. It was in vain that we remonstrated that at any rate there could be but one return fare, as the horses could not be at once residents of Meiringen and the Grimsel. They refused to entertain the question of domicile, and became very boisterous, not to say rude to the lady of the party who was our interpreter; so we thought it best to give them a peremptory dismissal and their single return fare. Their demand seemed so preposterous, and justice so manifestly on our side, that we had some idea of bringing the case before the Landaman of Meiringen; but on reflection we thought it scarcely prudent to trust to that independent magistrate to give redress, who in all likelihood was a relation of one or other of the defendants, and who, even if unconnected with them, would scarcely peril his future election by refusing to assist his countrymen in spoiling the Egyptians. During the night the guides revenged themselves most signally, by a succession of noises of every description, which they kept up from midnight till daybreak. It was not a

mere jollification of singing or dancing, but sounded as if tables and chairs, door-mats and shoes, and all manner of inanimate objects, were endued with a sudden power of locomotion, and were pirouetting over every part of the house with the purpose of banishing sleep from its inmates. In the morning we remonstrated with the landlord on the impropriety of permitting us to be thus disturbed; but on entering our protest in the visitors' book, we found that there "sounds of revelry by night" were by no means unusual.* The visitors' book at the Grimsel abounds in more facetiæ than usual, and more than one long and elaborate poem inscribed therein proved, not so much that this mountain was a rival of Parnassus, as how hard set for occupation the weather-bound traveller must have been in this dreary abode. I give one of the shorter extracts:

"He who has wandered wet and weary,
From Handek to this house so dreary;
To find all round him wrapped in cloud
By day; by night that noises loud
Forbid repose;—why then let him tell
Whether this pass is not a "*grim sell*."

The next morning I set off with my companions of the day before. The day was fine, and the variegated rocks above the Boden-see, the mountain tarn close to the inn, were reflected with wonderful clearness in the dark water; every tint was there depicted with

* This was written before the guide controversy appeared in the *Times*; but I can only advise those who acquiesce in the letters of the clergymen of Kent and Dorset, that they are much better at home, under the shadow of that august journal.

all the force of reality ; and had it not been for the inverted strata, and some sheep which seemed to crawl unnaturally upon their backs, it would have been impossible to distinguish the two elements. The Todten-see, or Lake of the Dead, which De Saussure says is so called from the dead bodies thrown into it of those who perish on the way, lies farther on at the left of summit of the pass. Having descended from this by a very steep path, we made an exploration to the left of the chalet at the bottom, up the west side of the Rhone glacier, to a considerable height, in search of an icy cave, mentioned in Murray as a sight that ought to be visited ; but after climbing as far as we could get, in search of anything at all adequate to his description, we all came to the conclusion that this cave is a *sell*. It was here that my two companions crossed the glacier as I have before described : I did not overtake them till they reached the inn at the top of the Furca pass, where a capital dinner was set before us by the landlord, who well deserves the praise that Murray gives him. He had been out marmot shooting that morning, and showed us one which he had killed, and the rifle which had done the deed. These animals live in holes on the loftiest crags of the Alps, where neither sheep nor goats often venture ; and as they are very timorous, and conceal themselves at every strange sound or appearance, giving the alarm with a loud whistle, the sportsman rarely succeeds in outwitting them, and then not till he has passed several hours in watching his opportunity. They

carry their heads low in moving, but erect them when sitting still; and in shooting them it is advisable to take the animal in the latter position, and with his face towards the gun, as unless killed on the spot they struggle into their holes, and are got out with difficulty. The one I saw, the man told me he had shot at a distance of 200 paces, and certainly, the shot was a good one. The ball had struck it full in the chest, and gone out through the centre of the back. The animal was very fat, and certainly did not look appetizing; the natives consider the flesh a delicacy, but the host told us that the flesh was so strong that he never set it before strangers. The descent from the Furca, on either side, is long and wearisome, and except as a means of communication this pass is scarcely worth traversing. I slept at Andermatt, and the following day had a most delightful walk down the St. Gothard road, as far as Altorf; the "Croix blanche" at Amsteg forming a convenient resting-place, where I dined in company with some of my fellow-travellers, whose carriage had passed me on the road. The road follows the course of the river, and after passing the Devil's Bridge, many of the valleys are very fertile: in some of them they were making their second crop of hay; and on the cultivated patches on the hill-side stood the very peculiar piles of hay, which at a little distance looked like a troop of shaggy bears gliding from wood to wood across the cleared spaces. The grass is piled on the transverse bars of upright stakes driven into the ground, that it may derive the full

benefit of the few hours of sunshine, which are all that the huge shadows of the surrounding mountains permit. At Altorf there is nothing much to see but some grim effigies which commemorate its being the birth-place of William Tell. In leaving this place I thought I should see more of the surrounding scenery by walking along one of the shores of the bay of Uri, timing it so as to be picked up by the steamer half-way, instead of taking the boat the whole way up the lake, between Fluëlen and Lucerne. I was told by the people at Altorf, that the cliffs which overhang the bay on either side were inaccessible; but knowing the disposition of the country people to exaggerate any difficulty, I was not deterred, and at eight o'clock, after first traversing the swampy ground, over which flows the river Reuss, I directed my steps along the left shore of the lake. The path almost immediately commences a steep ascent; but the summit of the ridge is no sooner attained, than it descends almost as abruptly to the level of the lake. Here the path ceased altogether, and another thickly-wooded eminence still more precipitous had to be scaled, and here again the deep valley that succeeds makes the labour of the ascent seem utterly thrown away. Once more I had to mount, and passing by a small lake near the village of Seelisberg, struck into a cart-way, by following which I reached Beckenried, about three o'clock, just in time for the steamer to Lucerne, which touches here to land passengers. The day and the scenery were most lovely. The savage

grandeur of the conical pineclad rocks, with which the bay of Uri is indented, was relieved by the smiling verdure of the intervening valleys, and the dimpled surface of the blue water, which sparkled in the sunshine, ruffled by the midday breeze, which blows up the bay from the mountains at its head with great regularity. This, though not the longest, was perhaps the hardest day's walk that I made during my tour; but the beauty and wildness of the way scarce allowed me to feel fatigue as I wandered on

“ Per invias rupes fera per juga
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas nemorumque noctem.”

“ O'er pathless cliffs, and savage crags the way;
Mid moss-grown rocks where sounding waters play,
And woods whose leafy night obscures the day.”

From Beckenried, which is a pretty little village on the opposite shore to the Rigi, the steamer brought us to Lucerne, in little more than an hour. At the Hotel Switzerhoff I was lodged most comfortably, and as I here again met my portmanteau, the four days of my stay were passed in great luxury. The day after my arrival, September 23rd, being Sunday, most of the English attended the Protestant service, performed in the Roman Catholic Church, at eleven. Earlier in the morning mass had been celebrated in the same building, and at some of the shrines candles were still burning before pictures of the Virgin Mary. The example of the curé, who thus liberally placed his church, of which I forget the name, at the

disposal of his fellow-Christians, during the hours that it was not required for his own form of worship, was the more striking, as the close collision into which the two religions are here brought would lead us to expect intolerance and ascerbity of feeling. I am afraid we may hope in vain for such an instance of toleration in our country, where even the last rites of the church cannot be administered under the same roof, to those who are professedly members of the same religion; and where those twin chapels that stand at the entrance of our public cemeteries proclaim that the ashes of members of the established church and of dissenters may not be sanctified by one common rite, or mingle together even in their last home.

Among the curiosities of Lucerne are the two wooden bridges over the river Reuss. These covered walks were probably in past times the favourite promenades of the population, and the grotesque paintings which adorn the woodwork of their roofs appear to have been designed for the continual contemplation and instruction of those who sauntered from pier to pier. These pictures, in the one bridge, represent all the important Swiss battles and victories; in the other they are the well-known series of which Longfellow has made so beautiful a use in the "Golden Legend," the *Dance of Death*. In crossing these bridges I was particularly struck with the flocks of bald-headed coots, which float about the stream like the ducks in St. James's Park, expecting to be fed. They are protected from injury by a heavy fine; and to us,

who know how difficult it is in England to approach within gunshot of one of these birds, it is curious to observe how the nature of an animal may be altogether changed by a municipal law. The Switzerhoff and Anglisherhoff are both fine hotels, built on the margin of the lake, in a style quite according with English notions of comfortable accommodation; but it is questionable whether such institutions are not here out of place; would it not be better if the enlightened populations of Paris and London would indulge at home in their expensive luxuries and idle pleasures, and leave the Swiss to their own mountain gloom of unadvancing independence? *Point d'argent, point de Suisse*, has long since become proverbial; and I am afraid there is too much truth in a remark which Mr. Ruskin has upon this subject: "I believe that every franc now spent by travellers among the Alps, tends more or less to the undermining of whatever special greatness there is in Swiss character; and the persons I met in Switzerland, whose position and modes of life rendered them best able to give me true information respecting the present state of their country, among many causes of national deterioration, spoke with chief fear of the influence of English wealth, gradually connecting all industry with the wants and ways of strangers, and inviting all idleness to depend upon their casual help; thus gradually resolving the ancient simplicity and pastoral consistency of the mountain life into the two irregular trades of innkeeper and mendicant. . . . The

influx of foreigners into Switzerland must necessarily be greater every year; and the greater it is, the larger in the crowd will be the majority of persons, whose objects in travelling will be, first to get as fast as possible from place to place; and secondly at every place where they arrive, to obtain the kind of accommodation and amusement to which they are accustomed in Paris, London, Brighton, or Baden. Railroads are already projected round the head of the Lake of Geneva, and through the town of Fribourg; the head of the Lake of Geneva being precisely and accurately the one spot of Europe, whose character and influence on the human mind are special, and unreplaceable if destroyed; no other spot resembling, or being in any wise comparable to it, in its peculiar way; while the town of Fribourg is in like manner the only mediæval mountain town of importance left to us; Innspruck and such others being wholly modern, while Fribourg yet retains much of the aspect it had in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. The Valley of Chamouni, another spot also unique in its way, is rapidly being turned into a kind of Cremorne Gardens; and I can foresee, within the penetration of but few years, the town of Lucerne consisting of a row of symmetrical hotels round the foot of the lake; its old bridges destroyed, an iron one built over the Reuss, and an acacia promenade carried along the lake's shore, with a German band playing under a Chinese temple at the end of it, and the enlightened travellers, re-

representatives of European civilization, performing before the Alps, in each afternoon summer sunlight, in their modern manner, the Dance of Death. * ”

The most prominent among the mountains seen from here is the cloud-capped head of Mont Pilâtre, in whose name we have an instance of the manner in which numerous strange legends have their rise. This mountain was formerly called *Mons Pileatus*, from the Latin word *pilea*, because its top is generally covered with a cloud or cap. This word has been corrupted into *Pilatus*, from which alteration a wild story has been invented that Pontius Pilate, after having condemned our Saviour to death, was seized with remorse, made an excursion into Switzerland, and drowned himself in a lake on the top of this mountain, where his spirit is still roused in stormy weather. The Rigi, too, as Murray says, may be conveniently ascended from this place: I went to the top from Goldan, and returned in the same day, but was by no means so fortunate in the weather as that I experienced on the Faulhorn; and I shall not attempt to describe the magnificence of a view which I certainly saw but little of, and which the reader may have realised under its most favourable aspect a year ago, at Burford's Panorama.

On Wednesday morning, the 26th, I once more started in light travelling order, having sent on my portmanteau to Geneva. My first day's march was a long one, by the steamer to Stanzstad, then on foot over the Brunig pass as far as

* Ruskin, "Modern Painters," vol. iv. p. 385.

Brienzen. The scenery is rather remarkable, more especially Lake Lungern, which has been partially drained by a tunnel under its basin; but all this is fully described by Murray, and no incident befel me on the road, except the walking match with the guide, which I have already related. The "Hotel de l'Ours," at Brienzen, afforded comfortable and not extortionate quarters; and finding that there was no steamer down the lake till the afternoon, the next morning I was persuaded to take a place in the row-boat, which started from Brienzen for Interlachen at 7 o'clock a.m. The boat, when I went down to it, appeared to have already taken in its full complement of passengers; and as, in addition to the human cargo, in the stern and bows was piled a considerable quantity of merchandise, consisting chiefly of wicker-work crates and potato sacks, I began to hope that there was no place left, and that I should be spared the perils of a voyage in such a craft. But I could not escape; there was no law here limiting the number of passengers, and room being made for me only too goodnaturedly, with misgiving I was compelled to step on board. As the overladen boat was pushed off from the shore, it oscillated most alarmingly from side to side, and though it gradually became more steady, as we got into full swing; the gunwale was not many inches above the water's edge, and I was not sorry to see that we kept within a moderate distance of the shore of the lake, calculating on swimming to land in case of a capsizing. The boat was propelled by three oars, after a fashion

that quite puzzled me how it could be kept straight. A man and woman in the bow toiled away like galley-slaves, and from their ill-favoured features, such they might have been. Each of these tugged at their oar on the same side of the boat; while the man whose business it was to direct the boat, standing upright in the stern, handled an oar on the other side, and brought us to shore with great dexterity, as from time to time we landed part of our cargo at the farm-houses along the lake. The passengers consisted of fourteen people, chiefly peasants, who sat on benches on either side in the centre of the boat; and as we were wedged together pretty compactly, the careless and continuous expectoration of my fellow-passengers between each whiff of their pipes was a source of some alarm. After a passage rather under three hours, we reached Interlachen, and after sitting so long in a cramped position, I was not sorry to stretch my legs again on terra firma. Continuing along the road-side which branches to the left from Neuhauss, I wandered leisurely along the south side of the Lake Thun. The inhabitants about here were getting in the walnut and apple harvest, and it was queer to see the women climb the trees to gather the fruit. As I reposed under one of the trees, taking a mid-day siesta, I remarked the quantity of magpies and crows which infested the country, though of the smaller singing birds there is a great scarcity in Switzerland, as in all mountainous countries. Nothing deterred by the "*lœvus picus*" and "*vaga cornix*," which kept flitting about with most evil omen, I continued

my route, and at three p.m. reached Eschi, a village at the foot of the Niesen Mountain, and already overcast by its huge pyramidal shadow. The inn here was of a very humble kind; fresh meat was not to be had, but I was by no means disposed to quarrel with some fried ham, somewhat rusty, and an excellent omelette, a dish that the hungry and impatient traveller may confidently order in the humblest *cabaret*. The wine, to my taste, was execrable; but four men who were seated near me seemed to think that tipping glass after glass of the thin sour stuff was very pleasant occupation on a hot afternoon. Three of them were mere peasants, but one was quite of a superior class, probably a landed proprietor, who in these out-of-the-way parts was content to associate with such company as he could get. They were very jolly together. The entertainer seemed to be a kind of "Laird of Balmawhapple;" and the party altogether reminded me of one of those scenes in a highland inn, so vividly described by Sir Walter Scott. On leaving, I paid the daughter of the host, who occupied the post of waiter, three francs, being the sum charged for my repast as I understood her, and a small gratuity for herself; but when on the road, already outside the village, I was overtaken by mademoiselle, who had run after me to return a franc, which she said I had paid over and above what was due, as two francs was all that she had demanded of me. I am bound to say that the waitress at Eschi was not the only instance of honesty of this kind that came under my own observation. At the Reich-

enbach Hotel the waiter ran a considerable distance after a man who had just paid four sous for a small roll, to return him an overcharge of two that had been made by mistake. The Swiss hotels are certainly many of them very comfortable, and I do not think the traveller meets among them the same attempts at imposition that prevails almost universally in France; but I have not yet arrived at the principle which enables the Swiss innkeeper to draw the line so nicely between actual cheating and legitimate extortion. In Switzerland there is generally, as with us, a fixed scale of charges, from which the landlord will not bate; and it is not necessary always to inquire the price of apartments before engaging them—a practice never to be omitted in France, unless the traveller is willing to take his chance, no remote one, of paying double or even three times as much as the preceding occupant of the same rooms. For a single night's lodging, (unless a large party,) the traveller may, perhaps, trust to the landlord's sense of propriety; but, whenever there is scope for imposition on any large scale, the Englishman in France will do well to guard against it, by previously making a stipulation as to the price. A great deal has been said and written lately by Albert Smith and others, about the imposition and discomfort of English hotels; such, however, I must say is not my experience of them. Some hotels are expensive, and others economical; but the scale of charges is always the same to all comers for the same accommodation, and the traveller, when he enters a house, knows pretty well what

to expect. I do not believe that the foreigner is equally fleeced in English hotels, as the Englishman is when abroad; but, certainly, in no country on the continent can the Englishman travel with comfort and economy equal to that which he meets among those delightful little hotels that are scattered over the district of the English lakes. I give a sample from my own experience of two bills at the inn at Patterdale, and the Switzerhoff, Lucerne.

PATTERDALE INN.		s.	d.
Apartment four days		8	0
Breakfast, 2s.; dinner, 2s. 6d.; beer, 0s. 6d.; tea, 1s. 6d...		6	6
" 2s.; " 2s. 6d.; " 0s. 6d.; brandy, 1s...		6	0
" 2s.; " 2s. 6d.; " 1s. 0d.; tea, 1s 6d...		7	0
" 2s.; " 2s. 6d.; sherry, 1s. 6d.; brandy and			
soda, 1s.		7	0
Waiter, 2s. 6d.; chambermaid, 2s.; boots, 1s.		5	6
		<hr/>	
		£2	0 0

SWITZERHOFF, LUCERNE. f.		c.
Apartment four days	12	0
Breakfast, 2f.; dinner, 4f.; wine, 3f.	9	0
" 2f.; " 4f.; " 2f.; tea, 1f. 50c.	9	50
" 2f.; " 4f.; beer, 1f.; tea, 1f. 50c.	8	50
" 2f.; " 4f.; wine, 4f.	10	0
Service	4	0
Bougie	2	0

Francs 55 0 = £2 4s.

Both these houses are good specimens of their kind, and in neither of them will the charges appear exorbitant, when it is recollected that a brief season of four or five months has to defray the rent and expenses of maintaining the establishment during

the whole year ; but the English inn, it will be seen, is at least as moderate as the foreign one, and I think the fare and accommodation provided were quite as good. In the inn at Patterdale, there was a very fair library of books ; and though private rooms were provided at a very moderate charge, the coffee-room was not unfrequently used by ladies. Of course, at the private dinner which the English hotel-keeper sets before you, there is not the same variety of dishes as at the *table-d'hôte* ; but the "*cœna dubia*" is not much to my mind ; and I am quite satisfied with some fresh trout, and a roast joint, for which a duck or fowl may be substituted, followed by a course of sweets. In the English inn there is, moreover, this great advantage, that you may eat at your convenience whatever you like, and at whatever hour you choose to order it, and take tea or dinner whichever you may fancy ; but abroad they seem to have gone back to the "*syssitiæ*" of ancient Sparta, and it is almost impossible to obtain any refreshment whatever, except at the public table, and at the regular time ; or if the landlord, as an especial favour, consents to provide you a meal of your own ordering in your private room, it will probably consist only of a *rechauffée* of a few dishes that, being the least popular, have survived the general onslaught of the *table-d'hôte*, and the price charged in the bill will soon convince you that all comestibles, except perhaps a cup of coffee in the morning, are contraband out of the *salle-à-manger*. The "*demi-tasse*" of coffee might be introduced with advantage in our English hotels, to

the exclusion of the usual tea equipage, and paraphernalia of toast and muffins, more especially as in England we have not the cafés and estaminets of the continent, where this may be always procured.

Never be induced by a false notion of economy to choose a second-rate inn in preference to a superior one, but always go straight to that which is reputed the best. Even if there were any gain by so doing, the advantage of such a course would be questionable, it being far preferable to submit to some pecuniary loss, than miss the opportunity of a respite from those sordid thoughts of lucre, which ought to be one of the principal advantages of foreign travel. Nothing is a greater mistake than to suppose that because imposition is to be resolutely withstood, it is either necessary or advisable to assume an air of distrust. By anticipating you may suggest imposition ; and as forewarned is forearmed, where the disposition to cheat exists, it will often be much more skilfully carried into effect by a man who knows that his bill is to undergo taxation. At all events it is better smoothly to go on as long as possible. To make an indiscriminating attack upon inn-keepers and their bills wherever the charges seem a little too high, without reference to circumstance or place, is both unfair and injudicious. It is reasonable that you should pay a good deal more at the top of the Faulhorn or the Col de Balme, than for the same accommodation at Grindelwald or Chamouni. But in reality the worst inns are the dearest : at a second-rate house the traveller

is looked upon as an unexpected prize, to be made the most of; and he must expect nothing but discomfort and imposition. Murray is the guide which Englishmen naturally consult in choosing their hotel, and he is generally to be trusted, though not always. Indeed, it is impossible that any opinion upon this matter should be infallible; for, independent of the constant rivalry between the different establishments and the change of proprietors, which makes sometimes one and sometimes another the best conducted, we must allow not a little for the disposition and health of the traveller himself, in proportion to which he is more or less fastidious, for it is quite possible that the same person has slept undisturbed by the fleas of the "Ours" at Grindelwald, and passed a restless night amid the luxuries of the "Switzerhoff," Lucerne. It may be my inexperience of what constitutes a happy honeymoon; but I must say I was astonished by the number of newly-married people I met with, in Switzerland, making their wedding tour. Perhaps they think that it is best to make trial of each other's temper under the most adverse circumstances, and that after knocking about for some weeks amid these bustling scenes, they shall more happily settle down to the comforts of an English home. A night spent in the inns on the Rigi or the Grimsel, though less solitary, is scarcely less strange and comfortless than an encampment on the ice at the "Jardin," where an Englishman and his bride, whom I met at Chamouni had bivouacked the preceding night.

But to return from this digression upon inns and their inconveniencies, and continue my journey up the valley of the Kander, which flows down with great impetuosity from the snow mountains behind the Blumlis Alp. The dark waters as they rushed along reminded me of what is said by Job. (chap. vi. 16.) "of the streams which are blackish by reason of the ice, and wherein the snow is hid." On their surface floated numerous logs of pine, which chased each other down the stream as far as the village of Mullinen, to which they were thus self-transported from the thick forests that clothe the sides of the Gemmi Mountain. At Mullinen I fell in with a queer little dog of the turnspit breed, who ran up to me and fawned upon me in the most affectionate manner—treatment very different to that which I universally experienced from the native dogs, who never would have anything to say to me, but always used to bark in a most ferocious manner, so that these raids from the dogs were one of the chief difficulties I had to contend with, in passing through the villages. Always before entering one, I used to arm myself with a supply of stones, a weapon which dogs will seldom face; but sometimes they were so fierce, that even by pelting I could scarcely make them turn tail. The day before, a big dog had beset me so close, that I thought I should have been obliged to smash his head with a brickbat, when luckily his mistress came in sight, and called him off. The little dog I here met with, showed a temper so very different, that I could not but suspect him of

being an alien ; and examining a collar which he had on, I found it was so, the name being "Gibson, Saffron Walden." The little fellow was very anxious to follow me, and my sympathy was aroused for him, by the remembrance of a little puppy from the Isle of Skye, who ran by my side most gallantly during many a long walk over the Scottish mountains ; but this animal did not seem much in form for walking far, and such a companion during the remainder of my tour would have been too great a hindrance ; so I was obliged to leave him to the tender mercies of any stranger who might take a fancy to him, the more reluctantly, as his appearance was not prepossessing. Having seen two men walking some way on before, I pushed on to overtake them, hoping that one of these might be the master of the dog ; but they knew nothing of it, and I never heard anything of the missing owner.

At the Helvetia Inn, Frutigen, we obtained comfortable quarters for the night, and at seven o'clock next morning started on the road up the valley of the Kander, which leads over the Gemmi Pass, my friends taking a car for the first eight miles, as far as Kandersteg, but I preferred walking all the way, and certainly did not regret having done so, as by sharp exercise I could only keep myself tolerably warm. It was nine o'clock before the sun was high enough for his rays to penetrate this upland valley, and the thick hoar-frost lay on the ground almost like snow.

The path that leads up the Gemmi on the

Kandersteg side is, like most of the Swiss passes, a series of zigzags cut on the mountain-side, certainly not difficult, and not very fatiguing: the close approximation of the dark fir-trees, and the luxuriant banks of moss and rhododendron, to the sterile rock and dazzling fields of eternal snow makes a picturesque ascent to the open plateau on the top. Across this table-land the journey is rather monotonous, and the traveller is not sorry to arrive at the inn, which stands in a nook rather sheltered by the rock, about a mile and a half before reaching the Lake Daubensee, which is on the very highest part of the pass. This inn, like those on the Wengern Alp, Faulhorn, and Col de Balme, drives a good trade during the summer months, and the present proprietor is a great improvement on his predecessors, who seem by all accounts to have carried the system of extortion to its utmost limits. I am bound to say that the dinner set before me was by no means bad, and the prices charged not extortionate, considering the labour of transporting provisions of all kinds from the valley. Unlike those on the other mountain passes, which are only open for five or six months during the summer, this inn, though at a height of 7,000 feet above the sea, is tenanted all the year round. The traveller who has visited this dreary scene, desolate and snow-girt even in the sunshine of a September day, may picture to himself what must be its aspect in the dark months of winter, when the sun has no longer power. The snow being many feet deep precludes all intercourse between the inha-

bitants of the valleys on either side; and from December to February, the occupant of this wretched abode supports an existence scarcely differing from that of the marmots, who tenant the surrounding rocks. Thus isolated from his fellow-men, with what a welcome must he hail the first adventurous traveller, who like the early swallow heralds in the spring! But before the summer is ended, wearied with the bustling caravans, and the ever-changing succession of new faces, who each in their turn claim him as their slave, he is probably not sorry when the season again recurs of his solitude and independence. During the time I was eating my dinner, I talked a good deal to the host about the number of visitors who frequented his house during the summer: in spite of the long dead season, he seemed to have no reason to complain of his annual profits, and to be satisfied altogether with his manner of life. I can well believe that one might take to a worse business than keeping one of these mountain inns, and I have in my eye more than one site, where I think, when all other trades fail, I could settle down very comfortably.

The view from the summit of the Gemmi on a clear day I will not attempt to describe. The names of the mountains seen from this spot are given by Murray; but the beauties of that scene no description can realize. Mr. Wills, in a book just published, suggests the propriety of sleeping at the inn on the top of the pass, that the glories of the view may be enhanced by the rising sun; but each period of the day

has its own beauties, though midday is the least favourable on account of the haze; and each traveller, when he recalls the impressions of that fairy-like scene, will probably think that he witnessed it at the exact moment. It was an hour before sunset when the view burst upon me, and I certainly can conceive nothing finer. It is not so much the extent as the variety of the prospect, which seems to extend into another climate. The sterile rocks and half-frozen lake at one's feet are features one might expect in the arctic circle; but on the other side of the Rhone valley, the sea of snowy peaks seem to reflect the warm glow of an Italian sky, intercepting the eye-sight, but not the imagination, from the sunny plains of Piedmont, which lie beyond. The descent of the pass is neither difficult nor dangerous, and I hope no lady will be deterred from crossing by exaggerated descriptions; though, from the steepness of the rock, at first sight it looks formidable enough. It is not the same thing, however, with another sight of these parts, the "Pas de Leschelles." This is not to be attempted by any one who does not feel competent to do the work of a bricklayer; and even if you are free from giddiness, there is no view at all commensurate to the labour.

On reaching Leukerbad, my first enquiry was for the celebrated baths of which I had heard so much. The water-cure of this place is no less famous than that of Malvern; but the system of bathing is conducted on more social principles—more so, in fact, than is conformable to the tastes of us English, who

like a bath *en particulier*, and the company who resort here are chiefly foreigners. The patients, male and female, sit promiscuously up to their chin in the water for hours together, where they read, sip their coffee, and converse with their friends; stone gangways running down the centre of each bath, for the convenience of those who are not aquatically disposed. To what specific disease these waters owe their fame I could not make out, it being the peculiarity of all these hydropathic establishments, that there is no complaint for which one or other of their numerous springs is not a sovereign remedy; at least such is the opinion of the local doctors, though when a patient's case is hopeless, they not unfrequently prescribe for him change of air, hoping thus to escape the imputation of having him die under their hands. Being curious to see this amphibious agapemone, I was not a little disappointed on being told that the season had ended about a fortnight ago. The bath-houses were closed, as were most of the hotels; but, though the number and size of these showed what a number of visitors must throng the place during the summer months, and this was only the 29th of September, the place now seemed altogether deserted. At last, however, I found quarters in the Hotel de France, and very comfortable they were, with a civil landlady, who lent me towels and the key of the principal bath-house, that I might have a dip if the water was not yet let off. On entering the building, I saw two tanks of water, much like those in which the hippopotamus in the

Regent's Park performs his ablutions. The liquid element they contained was, I dare say, none of the purest; but it was, fortunately, too dark to note the colour of the water, and I plunged boldly in. Being quite alone, I was able to dispense with the "*chemise longue et ample, d'une étoffe grossière,*" without which no one is permitted to bathe under a penalty of two francs! and I dare say in other respects my *entrée* and *sortie* were not exactly in conformity with the regulations affixed to the wall. The temperature of the water was hardly tepid, but this was probably owing to its not having been removed for some time, as I believe the principal spring burst out at a temperature as high as 120 degrees. I enjoyed my swim amazingly, and can prescribe no better restorative for any one who has crossed the Gemmi than a dip in the baths of Leukerbad; though, in the season, I suppose swimming and splashing are not allowed, as they would interfere with the breakfasts and *conversations*, traces of which were still left in sundry tables and reading desks floating about the water. A capital road leads down the valley of Dala, from the baths of Leukerbad to Leuk, for the maintenance of which a heavy toll is exacted at the village of Inden; and even the pedestrian is not allowed to pass without contributing. At Leuk I found all in a bustle, as a cattle fair was being held: among the animals were some very pretty samples of the small Swiss cows; but I was most struck with the motley groups of human beings, and the grotesque appearance of the inhabitants, who were

here congregated from all parts of the Vallais. It was two o'clock before I reached Sierre, where I dined in company with some very agreeable natives, who had just come from Zermatt; and so glowing was their description of the scenery around that place, that I was almost induced to accompany one of them, who proposed returning the next day over the Col d'Errin: time however pressed, and I must defer this excursion till another year. For, as the author of a guide-book recently published remarks, "four weeks are sufficient for a rapid glance at the most traversed localities in Switzerland, but four seasons might be better devoted to the gradual and perfect exploration of scenes, which either shroud their glories altogether in clouds and mist from the hasty passer, or reveal but a single phase of their manifold beauty to those who wait not lovingly for the fuller revelation of what is ever-changing, ever-new. If possible, therefore, it is wiser to assign the summer time at one's disposal to a single district of some determinate extent. A few special favourite old haunts may always be combined with this, and fresh tracts be reserved delightfully for future holidays." "All travelling," says Mr. Ruskin, "becomes dull in exact proportion to its rapidity. Going by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all: it is merely 'being sent' to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel; the next step to it would of course be telegraphic transport, of which, however I suppose it has been truly said by Octave Feuillet,

‘ Il y aurait des gens assez bêtes pour trouver ça amusant’.

Walking is the only way to see a country to advantage; and though Mr. Ruskin would prefer half this distance, I cannot think that from twenty to thirty miles of ground is too much to be got over in the day, by a man who is in travelling condition. “By advancing thus slowly, every change of ground becomes precious and piquant; and the continual increase of hope and surrounding beauty, as we approach more interesting scenery, affords one of the most exquisite enjoyments possible to the healthy mind; besides that real knowledge is acquired of whatever it is the object of travelling to learn, and a certain sublimity given to all places so attained, by the true senses of the spaces of earth that separate them. A man who really loves travelling would as soon consent to pack a day of such happiness into an hour of railroad, as one who loved eating would agree if it were possible to concentrate his dinner into a pill.”* Crossing the Rhone at Sierre, the road continues along its right bank. In comparison with the scenes I had lately passed through, it did not present much to excite enthusiastic admiration; but after a time one begins to tire of the bleak grandeur of mountain passes, and the eye is relieved by the open prospect of cultivated champaign.

A country like that of the valleys entirely enclosed with the high Alps, and consisting of plains, elevated valleys, and lofty mountains, naturally ex-

* “Modern Painters” iii. p. 300.

hibits a quick succession of prospects, and a great variety of situations, climates, and productions. Vineyards, rich pastures covered with cattle, corn-fields and orchards, are backed by gloomy little valleys which retire upwards amid dark forests to the naked rocks crowned with everlasting snow. The productions of the Vallais vary according to the great diversity of climates by which the country is distinguished. About Sion, the vine, the fig, the melon, and the other fruits of Italy come to perfection: in the plain, where the heat is collected and confined between the mountains, the maize harvest is usually finished in July; whereas, in the more elevated parts, barley is the only cereal that can be cultivated with any success, and this crop was not yet cut. There are no manufacturers of any consequence; and, indeed, the general ignorance of the people is no less remarkable than their indolence, so that they may be considered, with regard to knowledge and improvements, as far behind the rest of their countrymen. The inhabitants of the Rhone valley, in the sluggishness of their disposition and the fertility of their soil, seem exactly to resemble the dwellers on the banks of the lower Nile, as described by Herodotus. We have only to read Swiss for Egyptian to apply his description. "This people, of all the *Swiss*, and indeed of all other men, gather the fruits of the earth with least labour."* The peasants

* Ἡ γὰρ δὴ νῦν γε οὗτοι ἀπονητότατα καρπὸν κομίζονται ἐκ γῆς τῶν τε ἄλλων ἀνθρώπων ἀπάντων, καὶ τῶν λοιπῶν Αἰγυπτίων.—
HERODOTUS II. 14.

seldom endeavour to meliorate those lands where the soil is originally bad, or to draw the most advantage from those which are uncommonly fertile: having few wants, and being satisfied with the spontaneous gifts of Nature, they enjoy her blessings, without much considering in what manner to improve them. An instance of the little help nature receives from the people may be seen in the vineyards: in several of those I passed the vines were suffered to trail upon the ground; whereas, if the branches were properly supported, the owner would be well rewarded for his labour by the superior quantity and quality of the produce.

With respect to the effects of climate and physical conditions upon a people's character, moral and intellectual, it has been remarked by M. Cousin, that the scale of the natural features of each country determines in a great measure the character of its inhabitants. In those cases in which the notion of *l'infini*—of boundless extent, vast and oppressive—is suggested by the habitual aspect of the surrounding scenery, man becomes as it were the slave of Nature, is cowed down and awe-struck into submission in the presence of forces too mighty for him to cope with, of extension too vast for him to comprehend. Mr. Ruskin, I find, entertains the same view. In the fourth volume of his "*Modern Painters*," he has two curious chapters, entitled—*Mountain Gloom* and *Mountain Glory*, in which he attempts by local influence to account for the squalor, indolence, and superstition that characterise the in-

habitants of the Vallais. "Their eyes," he says, "are familiarised with certain conditions of ugliness and disorder produced by the violence of the elements around them; and to the inhabitants of districts of this kind it is almost necessary to their daily comfort, that they should view without dislike aspects of desolation which would to others be frightful. And can we blame them, if when the rivers are continually loading their fields with heaps of black slime, and rolling, in time of flood, over the thickets on their islets, leaving, when the flood is past, every leaf and bough dim with granite dust, never more to be green through all the parching of summer; when the landslip leaves a ghastly scar among the grassy mounds of the hill-side; the rocks above are torn by the glaciers into rifts and wounds that are never healed; and the ice itself blackened league after league, with loose ruin cast upon it, as if out of some long and foul excavation;—can we blame, I say, the peasant, if beholding these things daily as necessary appointments in the strong nature around him, he is careless that the disorder should appear in his household or his farm; nor feels discomforted, though his walls should be full of fissures like the rocks, his furniture covered with dust like the trees, and his garden like the glacier in unsightliness of trench and desolation of mound."

"Owing to these various influences, Sion, the capital of the district, presents one of the most remarkable scenes for the study of the particular condition of the human feeling at present under consideration

that I know among mountains. It consists of little more than one main street, winding round the roots of two ridges of crag, and branching on the side towards the rocks into a few narrow lanes; on the other, into spaces of waste ground, of which part serve for military exercise, part are enclosed in an uncertain and vague way; a ditch half-filled up, or wall half-broken down, seem to indicate their belonging, or having been intended to belong, to some of the unfinished houses which are springing up amidst their weeds. But it is difficult to say, in any part of the town, what is garden-ground or what is waste, still more what is new buildings and what is old. The houses have been for the most part built roughly of the coarse lime-stone of the neighbouring hills, then coated with plaster, and painted, in imitation of Palladian palaces, with grey architraves and pilasters, having draperies from capital to capital. With this false decoration is curiously contrasted a great deal of graceful, honest, and original iron-work, in bulging balconies, and floreted gratings of huge windows, and branching sprays, for any and every purpose of support or guard. The plaster, with its fresco, has in most instances dropped away, leaving the houses pealed and scarred; daubed into uncertain restoration with new mortar, and in the best cases thus left; but commonly fallen, also, more or less into ruin, and either roofed over at the first story, when the second has fallen, or hopelessly abandoned;—not pulled down, but left in white and ghastly shells, to crumble into heaps of limestone and

“dust, a pauper or two still inhabiting where habitation is possible. The lanes wind among these ruins; the blue sky and mountain grass are seen through the windows of their rooms; and over their partitions, on which gaudy papers flaunt in rags, the weeds gather, and the dogs scratch about their foundations; yet there are no luxuriant weeds, for their ragged leaves are blanched with lime, crushed under perpetually-falling fragments, and worn away by listless standing of idle feet. There is always masons’ work doing, always some fresh patching and whitening; a dull smell of mortar, mixed with that of stale foulness of every kind, rises with the dust, and defiles every current of air; the corners are filled with accumulations of stones, partly broken, with crusts of cement sticking to them, and blotches of nitre oozing out of their pores. The lichenous rocks and sunburnt slopes of grass stretch themselves hither and thither among the wreck, curiously traversed by stairs and walls, and half-cut paths, that disappear below the starkly-black arches, and cannot be followed, or rise in windings round the angles, and in unfenced slopes, along the fronts of the two masses of rock, which bear—one the dark castle, the other the old church and convent of Sion. Beneath, in a rudely enclosed square, at the outskirts of the town, a still more ancient Lombardic church raises its grey tower, a kind of esplanade extending between it and the Episcopal Palace, and laid out as a plot of grass, intersected by gravel walks; but the grass, in strange

“sympathy with the inhabitants, will not grow *as* grass, but chokes itself with a network of grey weeds, quite wonderful in its various expression of thorny discontent and savageness; the blue flower of the borage, which mingles with it in quantities, hardly interrupting its character, for the violent black spot in the centre of its blue takes away the tenderness of the flower, and it seems to have grown there in some supernatural mockery of its old renown of being good against melancholy. The rest of the herbage is chiefly composed of dwarf mallow, the wild succory, the wild rocket, goosefoot, and milfoil; plants nearly all of them jagged in the leaf, broken and densely-clustered in flower, haunters of waste ground and places of outcast refuse.”

“Beyond this plot of ground the Episcopal Palace, a half-deserted, barren-like building, overlooks a *neglected vineyard*, of which the clusters, black on the under side, snow-white on the other with lime-dust, gather around them a melancholy hum of flies. Through the arches of its trellis-work the avenue of the great valley is seen in descending distance, enlarged with line beyond line of tufted foliage, languid and rich, degenerating at last into leagues of grey maremma, wild with the thorn and the willow. On each side of it, sustaining themselves in mighty slopes and unbroken reaches of colossal promontory, the great mountains secede into supremacy, through rosy depths of burning air; and the crescents of snow gleam over their dim summits, as—if there could be

mourning, as once there was war, in Heaven—a line of waning moons might be set for lamps along the sides of some sepulchral chamber of the Infinite.”*

I ought to apologise to Mr. Ruskin, for availing myself so freely of his newly published work: my readers, I am sure, will require none; those who have been on the spot will appreciate the fidelity, as all must the beauty and graphic power, of the above description.

Siou being the point where the German language terminates, the natives in this part of the Vallais speak both tongues. The stars were shining bright before I reached this town, and as I found a comfortable bed at the Hotel de la Poste, I decided on sleeping here, and took my place in the diligence, which started for Martigny, at six the next morning. The only place I could secure was in the *interieur*, and on the diligence arriving, I found the place reserved for me was the only vacant one. Among the passengers was a young Swiss woman, of the better class of peasants, who certainly was the most favourable specimen of her sex that I met with in the whole country. Each canton in Switzerland has its peculiar costume; and the round black capôte, fringed with red ribbons, the headdress peculiar to the woman of the Vallais, set off to advantage her dark eyes and bright complexion. She was too much of a Swiss to be exactly good-looking, but her manner was very fascinating. There was a certain

* Ruskin, iv. 347.

naïve refinement and politeness in her behaviour, blended so happily with natural gaiety and rustic simplicity, that I was at a loss to conjecture how she could have united so much honesty with so much good breeding. She had never been in Paris, and certainly the inhabitants of the Vallais in general are not conspicuous for their polished manners. All foreigners, when travelling, carry with them a good stock of provisions; they have no idea of making a long fast; and this young lady was no exception to the rule. She had with her a basket well supplied with grapes, pastilles de chocolât, and other light comestibles, which she handed round among her fellow-travellers, offering them with such a grace that it was impossible to refuse. All the inhabitants of the Vallais are Roman Catholics; and presently, it being Sunday morning, from the aforesaid basket mademoiselle produced a small book, a *Manuel des Prières*, and addressed herself to her devotions; not, however, so intently but what she occasionally broke off to take part in the conversation. After reading for about half-an-hour, she replaced the book; which shortly afterwards her next neighbour, a man, took up, with a "*Permettez moi, mademoiselle,*" and commenced poring over it. His prayers, however, did not last five minutes; and the book thus went on to the next, and so on, all round; all the passengers except myself taking their turn. This may not have been a very reverential way of performing their devotions; still I could not but think that the mere fact of acknowledging the day was of some advantage.

Englishmen for the most part avoid Sunday travelling as far as possible; but whenever, by convenience or necessity, they are driven to locomotion upon that day, they cease to observe the Sabbath, and because they are unable to attend a church, the service for that week is altogether omitted. I should as soon expect to see an Englishman light his pipe in a church, as produce a prayer-book in a diligence or on a railway. The instance that I have just mentioned was not the only occasion on which the observance of the Sunday by foreigners was brought under my notice. It was on a Saturday night that I travelled by rail from Paris to Dijon, and in the same carriage as myself were a French gentleman and his wife. In the morning the never-failing basket was produced; and having discussed together a chicken and the best part of a bottle of wine, the lady pulled out her book, and betook herself to her prayers. For a considerable time she appeared engaged in most earnest meditation; but gradually fatigue overcame her, and her eyes closed with the book still in her hand. Under these circumstances, this seemed to me very excusable; but her husband nudging me, exclaimed jokingly, and I thought somewhat unfeelingly, "*Regardez comme elle dit ses prières.*" Whether it is that the intellect of the weaker sex is more under the control of the father confessor, I will not pretend to say; but it is certainly true, that in all Roman Catholic countries there is a much stronger sense of religion among the women than among the men, and no less so that the men are generally

averse to any religious enthusiasm in their wives and daughters, and discourage it by ridicule whenever they have an opportunity. The husbands seem ever to have in their minds the warning of their witty countryman: "C'est trop contre un mari pour une femme d'être coquette et dévote, elle devrait opter." But to return to my first thought, and the advantage of thus easily passing from the world, to things sacred; an advantage which I must admit is not unattended with evil. An unseemly levity in approaching serious things, is the general characteristic of those who profess the Roman Catholic religion, and this levity not unfrequently passes into open blasphemy. Englishmen, when they go abroad, are generally prepared to find a somewhat lax observation of the second and fourth commandments; but the third is that which I found to be most habitually violated even in polite society, and by ladies as well as men. The sign of the "Grand St. Antoine," which one sees over the shop of a *charcutier*,* and the *pauvre diable* over a ready-made clothiers, may be pardoned; but at Lyons I have seen a *magasin de parfumerie*, dedicated by a blasphemous pun *au Saint Esprit*, and in the market-place at Rouen I was shocked by a vile painting and inscription over a low *cabaret*, consecrating it "au Père éternel."

* The fatness of a Tantony pig has become proverbial. The reason of the dedication of this animal to St. Anthony, appears to be that the hog was the representative of the demon of sensuality and gluttony, which St. Anthony is supposed to have vanquished, by exercises of piety, and by Divine aid. But may not the adoption of St. Anthony, as the patron Saint of pigs, so universal throughout France, be in some measure connected with the following historical

Surely it is possible to have God more often before us, and yet avoid approaching him with undue familiarity. It is a beautiful remark of Addison, that God is omnipresent and omniscient, and by his presence the whole universe is animated and controlled; but the man who does not co-operate with his Holy Spirit, receives none of those advantages from it which are perfective of his nature, and essential to his well being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and everywhere about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. "How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from His presence! How happy that of him, who having God ever in his thoughts, holds continuous communication with the Author and Supporter of his existence, and is ever sensible of his Maker's presence from the secret effect of His mercy and loving kindness!"—For him, indeed, it may be said, God blooms in the flower, breathes in the wind, and flows in the stream. In the roar of the avalanche he hears His voice; in the ruin of its track he sees His power. In the num-

anecdote? In the time of Louis VI., King of France, when the streets of Paris were very different to what they are now, pigs were allowed to range about in them among the dirt and rubbish. It is related that the king's eldest son was killed by a fall, occasioned by one of these pigs running against his horse; in consequence of which an order was issued, that no pigs should, in future, be suffered in the streets. The monks of the Abbey of St. Anthony remonstrated against this order, and an especial permission was given to their pigs to run in the street, provided they had bells about their necks.—MARKHAM'S "France."

berless stars of the firmament, the eternal snows of the mountain, and the impenetrable abysses of the glacier, he alike recognises the attributes of the Being who formed them, and forgets his own insignificance while he reposes under the shadow of the Almighty. "In the blackness of the storm, when Nature frowns upon him with all her horrors, he knows that his Helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than anything else can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In his deepest solicitude and retirement, he knows he is in company with the greatest of Beings, and perceives within himself such real sensations of His presence, as are more delightful than anything that can be met with in the conversation of His creatures. Even in the hour of death, he considers the pains of his dissolution to be nothing else than the breaking down of the partition betwixt his soul and the Being who is always present with him, and is about to manifest itself to him in fulness of joy." Upon this subject there are several papers in the *Spectator*, which cannot but be read with advantage; and if I have made too free in extracting from a work that should be so well known, it is from a conviction that, if Addison had more readers, there would be more practical religion in the world. One flagrant instance of this want of faith in God's providence was brought under my notice during this tour. In many of the towns of Switzerland and the North of Italy, cases of cholera occurred from time to time during the summer. In some places the disease was more fatal than in others;

and though in none do I believe the proportion of deaths to have been very terrible, most of the tourists became more or less alarmed; and their fears were further wrought upon by the innkeepers, whose interest it was to detain their visitors by exaggerating the dangers of a residence in the neighbouring towns. Amongst the rest, a dignitary of the English church, travelling in these parts, was seized with the panic. To preserve a life so valuable he spared neither trouble nor expense, and town after town he quitted in his flight from what he conceived to be so fearful a scourge. At last, however, having heard of a small village, which had hitherto been exempt from a single instance of cholera, he there made his retreat. He was not, however, so suffered to escape the arrows of the Almighty. The fell enemy overtook him in his fortress, and within a few days he fell a victim to his fears and to his impiety.

*" Frustrà per Autumnes nocentem
Corporibus metuemus Austrum.*

** * * * * Improvisa lethi
Vis rapuit rapietque gentes."*

But of moralizing the reader will, probably, have had enough. Let us continue a journey which is now drawing to an end. Of all the passes in Switzerland, perhaps the best known to the tourist is that which leads from Martigny to Chamouni, over the Forclas. The morning I crossed it, there had been a gale of wind, and the ground was strewn with the walnuts and chesnuts fallen from the trees which grow so luxuriously in the lower part of the

pass. The ascent to Trient, over a very stony path, requires nearly three hours, and is sufficiently steep to be a good trial of the lungs. At the top of the "col" is the Sardinian *bureau des douanes*, which is also an indifferent *auberge*. Not being provided with a *visé* of that country, which Murray speaks of as being sometimes here required, I thought it politic to require some refreshment, rightly judging that the official, who here came out to meet me, is *douanier* only to those who will transact no business with him as *aubergiste*. Neglecting an inviting array of black bottles and "petits verres," which the man seemed to think indispensable restoratives to those who crossed the mountains, I refreshed myself with some *pain de seigle*, and a good draught of milk, for which the man asked me one franc—an exorbitant price, considering the cows were grazing round his door; but under the circumstances it would not do to grumble. At Trient the path divides, and I had to make up my mind between the two routes; that to the right passing into the Valley of Chamouni by the Tête Noire, and that to the left crossing over the Col de Balme. To appreciate the latter pass, fine weather is essential, and though the day was by no means promising, on the faith of its presently clearing, I at last decided in favour of the Col de Balme. This route, till the top is reached, has certainly not much to recommend it, though the mule's path that zigzags upwards through the forest of fir-trees has been lately much improved, and the charred trunks of some of them yet standing show the primitive

process by which the ground has been cleared. Of the view from the top I had only imperfect glimpses, but even these were enough to repay me for all the labour of the walk. I can conceive no spot, on the northern side, from which Mont Blanc and the surrounding needles can be seen to more advantage. Having well dined at the excellent little inn on the top of the Col; I waited in vain, for some hours, for a further dispersion of the clouds; but the sun showed himself no more that evening. As I descended the valley towards Chamouni, night fell insensibly upon me; but as I was now in an excellent car-road, I had little fear of missing the way. At Argentiére I was again detained to have my passport examined, and though no difficulty was raised on account of the absence of the Sardinian visé, all this tended to make me later on my road, and when I again started, it was quite dark, without a single star. I never saw a blacker night: it was scarcely possible to keep the road, and I had not gone far when I stumbled and fell, cutting my knees and hands, and tearing my one pair of trousers—a serious matter; but fortunately I was provided with needle and thread. It was well that it was no worse, as the last two miles before reaching Chamouni the road runs along the edge of the River Arve, and it was only by the sound I could avoid walking into it, as the water did not reflect the faintest gleam of light. At last, however, Chamouni was reached, and I gladly turned into the first hotel that presented itself, which happened to be the Hotel de Londres. My

room here was in the new part which had been rebuilt since the fire, and was still unfinished. It was quite at the top of the house, au septième, and was reached by a winding stone staircase without any balustrade, an ascent far more trying to the nerves than the Gemmi pass. To mount this in the day was bad enough, but by night a solitary lamp swinging from the roof above the dark chasm was all one had to steer by, and as I groped my way up the steps I used to hug the wall pretty closely.

From Chamouni, of course, I made the usual hackneyed excursions to the Brebent, the Glacier des Boissons, the Mer de Glace, and the Montanvert. From this last place there is an easy, though steep path down to the source of the Arveron, a spot that is well worth visiting. The amphitheatre of granite, ice, and fir-trees, which seem to lie in stratified belts, one above the other, is especially striking, and the whole effect was heightened, on the day I visited it, by the brilliant azure of the sky which overtopped all. The main stream issues forth from a cavern of ice, of that creamy white colour peculiar to glacier water, and which is due to the impalpably fine flour of rocks, ground in the ponderous mill between rock and ice—so fine as scarcely to be depositable. The volume of the river receives an additional supply from a cascade that pours over the ledge of rock, forming the basin of the Mer de Glace, and forces its way between the huge boulders that skirt the Moraine. Many of those who visit Chamouni, especially at all late in the year, can only realise

“the Monarch of mountains” in his “robe of clouds ;” the “diadem of snow” they are compelled to leave to the imagination. Than these I was more fortunate, and could not have wished for a better view of Mont Blanc than I had from the door of the hotel the first morning, about ten o’clock ; though by the time I was half-way up the Brebent, all was enveloped in cloud. In fact, during the three days I remained here, the weather was not very propitious, and the rain that fell in the valley at no great height took the form of snow, powdering with white the Col de Balme, Forclas, and other lower elevations, which are green with herbage during the summer months, being under the height of 8,200 feet, the limit of perpetual snow on the Alps in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc. On detached mountains the snow line is about 500 feet higher ; but its level is so variable, and dependent on an infinity of causes, the effects of some of which we cannot appreciate, that this must only be taken as an approximate calculation. On the Hardangerfield in Norway, in latitude $61^{\circ} 30'$, upwards of 15° north of the Alps, the snow lies perpetually at 5,000 feet ; while on the Pyrenees, $42^{\circ} 30'$, rather more than 3° south of the Alps, this line is raised to the elevation of 8,950 feet. Five degrees lower still, on the Sierra Nevada, $37^{\circ} 10'$, the snow is limited to those peaks reaching the elevation of 10,000 feet ; and on the Andes, above Quito, only 1° removed from the Equator, the unmelting snow is not found lower than at 16,000 feet. This would

give, at a rough estimate, the snow receding upwards 1,000 feet for every 5° of latitude as we approach the Equator. But that the level of perpetual snow is not altogether dependent on latitude, or even climate, we see in a remarkable manner in the Himalaya range; for it is an established fact, that on the mountains of Thibet, snow throughout the year must be sought for at a much greater elevation than on the sunny slopes which face the Indian peninsula; and no doubt, Humboldt rightly assigns the cause as the excessive dryness of the atmosphere of Thibet; hence the small depth of snow which, notwithstanding the rigour of the climate, ever falls there, and the radiation from the mountain plains, which on this side bring the earth's surface much nearer to the mountains than the deeply-indented valleys on the south. For the same reason, the line of perpetual snow on the Caucasus, in latitude $43^{\circ} 21'$, is upwards of 2,000 feet higher than on the Pyrenees; though this latter chain is nearly a degree further south. The height of the snow-line being in fact a function of the quantity that falls in winter and of the heat of the summers, it is clear that, in equal latitudes, it must be higher in the interior of continents, where less snow falls, and where the summers owing to the greater radiation are warmer than on the coasts.

In the Alps rain never falls at a height of 11,000 feet, and seldom at that of 9,000 feet. The greatest quantity of snow falls between the levels of 7,000 and 8,000 feet, and only a small quantity falls above

10,000 feet, the rarefaction of the atmosphere not permitting the vapours collected there to be precipitated in any abundance to the earth, till they have reached a lower and heavier stratum. While I was on the Montanvert it began to snow, and though at no great height, I was able to notice the peculiarity of the snow, which even at this elevation is lighter, less moist, and of a finer grain than that of the plains. On the higher mountains it rarely falls in flakes, but generally takes the form of small needles or star-shaped crystals, sometimes coming down in a drizzling powder.

From Chamouni to Geneva is a distance of nearly fifty miles. The usual route is by car as far as St. Martin, and the rest of the way by diligence; but I found the route I took, making three days of it, a very pleasant excursion. The first day, crossing the Col de Vosa, I descended by the village of Bionnassay to the baths of St. Gervais—a very pretty, but very retired hydropathic establishment, about five miles from Sallenche. I dined at the *table-d'hôte* in company with the half-dozen patients still left, who seemed thoroughly tired of the monotonous routine of day after day passed in the same manner, and anxiously expecting the doctor's fiat for their departure. The table was drawn up at the far end of a long *salon*, capable of accommodating 80 or 100 people, and in the season I was assured there are no vacant places. There are five springs here, all of which I tasted; the waters of four are sulphurous, and more or less hot; the fifth is ferruginous and

cold. The baths here, unlike those of Leuk, are separate for each person, excellently arranged, and my morning dip I found very beneficial. Starting at six o'clock, I walked to St. Martin for breakfast, and here I found an Englishman and his newly-married wife, who had come over from Chamouni in search of a doctor, there being none in that place. On the road between St. Gervais and Sallenche I passed two rude wooden crosses standing by the way-side, the inscriptions on which attracted my notice. They were superscribed: "Croix de Mission," and beneath in smaller letters was written as follows:

"Monsieur Rendu, Evêque d'Annecy, donne quarante jours d'indulgence à tous personnes, qui, soit aux genoux, soit debout, soit même en passant devant cette croix, diraient des actes de contrition, de foi, d'espérance, ou de charité."

By devices of this kind the Roman Catholic priesthood certainly do contrive to keep alive a religious feeling among the common people, though one would think that the credulity of those more educated must be sometimes too hardly taxed. I believe that an indulgence of the Romish Church is held to be nothing more than the remission of temporal penance; but is it not absurd to suppose that any person, by passing before these crosses a certain number of times, should have it in his power, even without repentance, to procure remission from any part of the punishment which his sins past or future might deserve? But priestcraft is not the only malignant influence against which the religion of these countries has to contend. The impending

horror of the mountains seems to have cast a further gloom upon the doctrines of a church, that has ever sought to rule by the fear of punishment, rather than encourage by the hope of reward. How often in wandering through some retired Swiss valley, at a turn of the pleasant pathway, we have suddenly come on some solitary little chapel built on a grassy knoll, or by the edge of the trickling rivulet, where the scent of the thyme lies richest upon the rocks, have found a cross and shrine set under one of them ! We go up to it, hoping to receive some happy thought of the Redeemer, by whom all these lovely things were made, and still consist. But when we come near, behold ! the chapel is nothing more than a whited sepulchre, with iron grated windows, full of dead men's bones ; and beneath the cross there is a rude picture of souls tormented in red tongues of hell-fire, and pierced by demons.

The picture, however, is not without its bright side. It is a favourite theory of Mr. Ruskins, that "the mountains of the earth are its natural cathedrals or its natural altars," and so deeply is he impressed that mountain scenery is favourable to religious feeling, that he ventures to make an assertion somewhat fanciful, yet not altogether untrue, that "nearly all the genuine religious painters use *steep mountain distances*, while all the mere artistical ones, or those of intermediate temper, in proportion as they lose the religious element, use flat or simply architectural distances ; so much so, that though the Flemish painters never showed any disposition to

paint *for its own sake*, other scenery than of their own land, the sincerely religious ones continually used Alpine distances, bright with snow." Be this as it may, we may well conceive that the survey of Nature's work around him is not without its effect upon the heart of the Alpine peasant, in inspiring a grateful reflection on the supreme cause who has developed them in such grandeur: and the following incident, which Mr. Ruskin relates as having occurred to him, serves well to illustrate the intensity of this religious feeling. "I was coming down one evening from the 'Rochers de Haye,' above Montreux, having been at work among the limestone rocks, where I could get no water, and both weary and thirsty. Coming to a spring at a turn of the path, conducted as usual, by the herdsmen, into a hollow pine trunk, I stooped to it and drank deeply. As I raised my head, drawing breath heavily, some one behind me, said, 'Celui qui boira de cette eau-ci, aura encore soif.' I turned, not understanding for the moment what was meant, and saw one of the hill peasants, probably returning to his *châlet* from the Market-place at Vevay or Villeneuve. As I looked at him with an uncomprehending expression, he went on with the verse:—'Mais celui qui boira de l'eau que je lui donnerai, n'aura jamais soif.' I doubt whether this would have been thought of or said by the most intelligent lowland peasant. The thought might have occurred to him, but the frankness of address, and expectation of being at once understood without a word of preparative explanation, as if

the language of the Bible were familiar to all men,—mark, I think, the mountaineer.*

From Sallenche to Bonneville, I had a most delightful walk down the valley of the Arve. Several diligences passed me on the road, all full, but I did not envy the passengers their seats, as I would not willingly have foregone my privilege of stopping to bask on a grassy bank whenever I came to an inviting spot. At the town of Magnan I saw three men, each with a large portmanteau, anxiously waiting at the door of a house for some vehicle in which they might find places, no very probable contingency judging from those I had seen, and I congratulated myself not a little that I was independant of any conveyance. By sauntering leisurely along I was able thoroughly to enjoy this beautiful bit of road, and as I entered Bonneville the sun was just setting. From the statue of Carlo Felice, that stands at the head of the bridge leading into the town, I had a most splendid view of Mont Blanc and the mountains about him, as their peaks one after another were flushed by the rosy tints. I was perhaps peculiarly fortunate in the evening, but I should say that there is no spot more favourable for witnessing a sunset on Mont Blanc, as the mountain from this spot is neither too distant or too near, being about thirty miles off in a straight line. Of all the quarters I occupied during my tour in Switzerland, those at the 'Hotel des Balances' Bonneville were

* "Modern Painters," vol. iv.

the least satisfactory ; but this is not to be wondered at, as I suppose there are few persons who care to make a halt between St. Martin and Geneva. The fare over night had proved so indifferent, that I resolved on starting without breaking my fast, and trusting to find some road-side inn. I had, however, to walk as far as Nangy, nine miles, before I came to a cabaret of any kind, and then all that I could procure to recruit exhausted nature was some very sour bread, and most indifferent soft cheese, which, however, carried me on as far as Geneva, which I reached about three o'clock.

After securing my portmanteau, which I had last seen at Lucerne, and which for the consideration of 10½ francs was restored to me at the Messageries Imperiales ; my steps were next directed to the Post Office, which is a fine looking building ; but I cannot say much for its internal administration. During my stay at Geneva I applied several times for letters, but could only obtain one, though I have reason to know, that at least four were here awaiting me. This wholesale confiscation of English correspondence is, I believe, owing to our system of directing letters, being the reverse of that adopted by foreigners, who generally put the post town at the top, then the street, and the name last. The addition of 'Esquire' after the name considerably increases the confusion. I believe travellers would find it a great advantage to leave envelopes of a particular colour with all their regular correspondents ; then as the official runs through the pack of letters, these would

at once catch their eye, and they might pounce upon them.

At Geneva I only staid three days, and they were days of incessant rain; still I was very comfortable under the circumstances, at the Hotel de Couronne, and saw what I could of the museums and public buildings, which, however, are nothing extraordinary. The chief sight of the town is the jewellers' shops, of which there are a great many, and their windows displayed some very pretty things, at least so I thought, but it may only have been on account of my five weeks' absence from the arts and manufactures of civilized life. The diligences were all so thronged with homeward-bound tourists that at least two days' notice was necessary to secure a single place; but having at last succeeded in so doing, at four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon, I found myself in the banquette of the Lyons diligence, and bid farewell to Geneva. At Bellegarde we stopped for supper, and this being the entrance into France, our luggage was here rigorously searched, and having been so was duly *plomb    *, that is, tied up with a cord, a certificate that exempts it from further investigation. The object seems to be to guard against any fraud upon the Octroi. All the English passengers were let off very easily, but the mania for importing comestibles very nearly brought a French lady into trouble. The subject of the altercation was a carefully made-up packet of what she described by the very vague name of "tablettes," and of which she would give no further particulars.

The douaniers, however, did not seem to approve of this mystery; the packet after a deal of sniffing was at last opened; and being found to consist of cakes of portable soup, was declared contraband in spite of the protestation of the owner, expressed in language, which translated out of its polite French, could only have been rendered by very strong English.

We did not reach Lyons till eight A. M., but had no time to see much of the town, as, by the time we had dispatched some breakfast, we found the omnibus ready to start for the railway station. The express train leaving Lyons at ten A. M., brought us into Paris at eight o'clock that same evening, just five weeks after I had left it, and a very pleasant five weeks they had been. In this short period I had seen a good deal of Switzerland, but still much is left to be seen on a subsequent, and I hope not very distant tour to that delightful country. My only difficulty on a second visit will be to break fresh ground, and strike into a new track where the old one is associated with such pleasing recollections. Whatever be the main charm of travelling, assuredly it is not incessant novelty; and those whose mental energies are so jaded, that they can only take enjoyment in continual variety, and quickly repeated change of scenes, will soon tire even of this. If we try to obtain perpetual change, change itself will become monotonous, and then we are reduced to that old despair—"If water chokes, what will you drink after it?" As the mere novelty of travelling wears off, its deeper charms impress themselves more

indelibly—the habits of observation and thought are strengthened—the short term of human life itself seems to expand in proportion to the variety and greatness of the objects contemplated; and if the solitary pedestrian in foreign parts feels his heart often glow with thoughts which bear him untiring company, incommunicable, and with which the stranger cannot intermeddle, he may yet have an honest gratification in attempting to convey to others some part of his enjoyment, in the conquest of obstacles and in the pursuits of truth.

To him who asked, how it came to pass that female beauty exercised so great an influence, it was well answered, that none but the blind could ask such a question: in the same way I think the advantages of travel can only be questioned by those to whom the power of locomotion is denied. The taste for what is beautiful is so nearly allied to the appreciation of what is good; that, though the absence of the love of natural scenery may not be an assured condemnation, its presence may be taken as an invariable sign of goodness of heart and justice of moral *perception*, though not necessarily of moral *practice*; and in proportion to the degree in which it is felt, will probably be the degree in which all nobleness and beauty of character will also be felt. A knowledge which not only educates the eye and taste, but tends to open and enlarge the heart and sympathies, by wider intercourse with living nature, and a frequent experience of Divine goodness, and human kindness (often as they are associated on the scene

of travel), makes many a gainer of such information a better, as well as a happier man. The traveller passes lightly through the world, conversing with its ephemeral things, and often in his report of his experience, he passes as lightly over his own thoughts, leaving their current below, as the bulk of the ocean lies under the vessel's keel. He may have a boyish shame that keeps him from telling how often his mind from afar turns homeward,—and it may be heavenward too. How often as he explored his solitary way through “the gates of the everlasting hills,” has he not marvelled to find his thoughts occupied, not upon the charms or grandeur of the way, but on familiar scenes and faces he has left at home!

“*Ante oculos errat domus, urbs, et forma locorum.*”

How often in a strange land has it occurred to his mind, that travelling has many pleasures, but after all, not the least of these is the prospect of coming home again! Among the other revelations of his journey, how surely he learns, that all external things which seize upon his curiosity after a while lose their hold, and a time comes when eloquence can no longer charm, nor beauty win, nor pleasure please! If sickness or sorrow fall upon him, even the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire fail, unless it be fixed upon something higher than the earth.

A P P E N D I X.

NOTE A.

MOTION OF GLACIERS.

"The glaciers cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day."—MANFRED.

The ancient theories to account for the motion of glaciers were chiefly two, that of De Saussure, and that of De Charpentier. De Saussure maintained that the motion of glaciers proceeded from a *rigid* mass of ice sliding down the slopes, pressed onward by the accumulation of the winter snows above, and assisted in their progress by the fusion of the ice in contact with the ground, resulting from the natural heat of the earth. This is called *the theory of gravitation*.

De Charpentier, whose views on this subject have been adopted by Agassiz, maintained that the pores and fissures of the ice are always permeable to water; and that these during the heat of the day are filled with water, which freezes during the night; producing, by the expansion which the mass undergoes in that process, an immense force, by which the glacier moves itself down, that is, in the line of least resistance. This is called *the theory of dilatation*.

Now, from a series of facts observed by Professor Forbes, during successive encampments upon the ice of the Mer de Glace, and elsewhere he deduced a theory of his own, which is now generally admitted.

The facts observed by Forbes were chiefly these:—

1. The motion of the higher parts of the Mer de Glace is on the whole slower than that of its lower; but the motion of the middle region is slower than either.

2. The centre of the glacier moves faster than the sides.

3. The lower portion of a glacier moves less rapidly than the upper surface.

4. The motion of the glacier generally varies with the season of the year, and the state of the thermometer.

5. The glaciers move down uneven beds, through sinuous channels of irregular width.

6. The fissures and capillary pores of a glacier are permeated by water, but this water, even in winter, is rarely in a freezing condition.

7. The glaciers move in winter as well as summer, though their velocity is greatest in summer.

8. The motion of a glacier, during the day and night, is sensibly uniform.

9. The motion of a glacier is regular, and continues from day to day, and from hour to hour, and not by fits and starts.

Now, facts 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, are opposed to the theory that the glacier slides by the mere action of gravity; as by the law of mechanics, if that were so, either it would slide altogether, with an accelerated velocity into the valley beneath, or else it would move by fits and starts, being stayed by obstacles until those were overcome by the melting of the ice beneath, or by the accumulated weight of snow above and behind.

Facts 6, 7, and 8, are opposed to the theory of dilatation.

Now, Forbes admits with De Charpentier that the congelation of the infiltrated water of glaciers is an important part of their functions; but conceives that it occurs *but once a year* to any effective extent; that is in winter, instead of daily or continually, as he supposes, and that the expansion of the ice is in the line of least resistance, that is *vertically*, so as to increase its thickness. Forbes also admits with De Saussure, *gravity* as the moving power of the glacier, but disputes their rigidity. The admission of semi-fluid motion produced by the weight of the ice itself appears, says he, to be consistent with all the abovementioned facts; and his theory of glacier motion, he defines in these words: "A glacier is an imperfect fluid, or a viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination, by a mutual pressure of its parts."—"Travels in the Alps," p. 365.

For some interesting information on the onward movement of the

glaciers, I refer the reader to Professor Tschudi's book, just translated, entitled "Sketches of Nature in the Alps;" a work that admirably describes the characteristics organic as well as inorganic of these regions.

"The downward progress of the glacier-fields," says Tschudi, "forms one of the most effective means of freeing the heights from their overwhelming burden of snow. That of the Grindelwald advances annually about 25 feet. Hugi's hut placed on the Unteraar glacier, moved 2,184 feet between 1827 and 1830, and by 1836 had descended 4,334 feet; whilst a signal post, placed on an enormous block of granite, moved during the first-mentioned period no less than 2,944 feet. In the short period between March and August, 1851, the hut advanced 1,000 feet. The movement of the Bossons Glacier is reckoned at 600 feet annually in the upper, and 547 in the lower part. The broken remains of a ladder which was left by Saussure on the Aiguille Noir, when he ascended Mont Blanc, in the year 1788, reached the vicinity of Les Moulins on the Mer de Glace, in 1832, and must therefore have advanced with the glacier 14,500 feet in the course of 44 years. . . . The onward movement of the glacier is caused partly by its own enormous weight, which necessarily impels it down a plain of any inclination, however slight; partly by the internal working of the mass, consisting in the expansion and contraction of the air bubbles, and the cracks through which water is continually infiltrating, and the progress from the top to the bottom of the glacier made by each individual grain of ice. . . . The rate of motion is probably in great measure determined by the comparative smoothness or roughness of the bed of the glacier. Sometimes passing from an open space into a narrow defile, the masses of ice become heaped up, and rise in waves on either side, attaining an enormous thickness. If a transverse rock oppose its progress, the glacier towers over it in pinnacles, which soon crumble away, and fall in pieces upon the rock. If the glacier is very massive, these fragments accumulate and freeze together again, and, circumstances permitting, form on the terrace below, a new glacier, resembling the old one in structure even to the alternate stripes or bands, which immediately proceeds on its forward journey. Glacier cascades of this nature over three or four ledges in succession frequently occur in the Hochgebirge. The process of development going on within the body of the glacier, the tension

produced by the unequal rate of motion in its different parts, and, the inequalities in its bed, which are often considerable, concur in producing the large wedged shaped *crevasses*, which occur in the ice, and which, running for the most part crossways, seldom reach to the bottom. . . . Large gaps sometimes occur from the falling in of a hollow mass of glacier, which in its onward progress has lost the rocky support on which it rested. These fissures are often immensely enlarged by the advance of the glacier; the irregular motion of its parts causes an alteration also in their position, and they are sometimes completely twisted round. If lower down, the bed of the glacier becomes more even, the ice liquefies and reunites with wonderful rapidity, and the smaller *crevasses* are generally wedged up with snow in the winter, which melts, and recongeals into ice in the spring; a fresh system of fissures is then formed over the whole surface, which thus presents a new appearance every year.

At the place where it terminates, the glacier always deposits its moraine rubbish, which sliding over the surface of the ground, forms there a detached *terminal* or *frontal* moraine. When one glacier joins another, the rocky edgings or *lateral* moraines, which constitute their banks, unite at the point of junction, and form a large *medial moraine*, which, while bearing distinct marks of division, continues to form one wall in the centre of the united streams, the two opposite borders retaining each their *lateral moraine*. The process is repeated on the accession of fresh glacier streams, and thus the number of medial moraines at the termination of a glacier, shows how many tributaries it has received in its course.

NOTE B.

ANCIENT GLACIERS.

From the unmistakeable "moraines," or walls of loose blocks (*block wällen*) still to be found in certain neighbourhoods, and the smooth rounded appearance of the adjacent mountain flanks, it has been supposed that there was a period when immense expanses of glacier stretched far into the open country, and occupied many valleys now fertile and cultivated. Such a hypothesis may not be improbable; indeed, it is almost certain that primæval glaciers once

reached from the Dodi Mountain to Rapperschwyl and Zurich, from the Grimsel to Berne, and from Mont Blanc to Geneva.

The theory of these ancient glaciers is most ably investigated by the late Professor Forbes, in his "Travels in the Alps," a work to which I have before had occasion to refer.

There are two principal grounds upon which it is maintained that the former presence of a glacier can be proved. In the first place from the *transportation of blocks*, and secondly from the *form and polish* which glaciers give to the rocks, which they chase during their descent. Now, of the transportation of blocks we have a remarkable instance in the Pierre à Bot, which lies on the slope of the limestone mountains above Lake Neufchatel; and this mass of rock, of which the length is from 50 to 60 feet, with a width of 20 feet, and a height of 40 feet, is composed of protogine, (a granite, in which tale takes the place of Mica,) common in the Alps, but not found *in situ* within 60 or 70 miles, as the crow flies, from the spot where this block now stands; and which, probably, is a portion of the *terminal* moraine of an ancient glacier: of *lateral* moraine there are evident traces up the Valley of the Rhone, between Martigny and Lake Geneva, especially opposite Bex, at St. Maurice, on the eastern side, where the glacier polished rocks are very evident. The horizontal fluted appearance of the rocks, which is observed at the edge of modern glaciers; and in the districts of the Alps and Jura, which abound with erratics (gletscher-boden), is precisely the same.

In the rocks around Snowdon similar fluted striæ are noticed by Dr. Buckland, at Pont Aberglaslyn, and in the pass of Llanberis; and on the west side of Lake Padarn, about two miles from the Victoria Hotel, a rounded boulder is balanced on the plateau of rock above the road, in a position as unaccountable, except by glacier agency, as that of the stone at Neufchâtel.

The most weighty objections against the theory of ancient glaciers are, first, the difficulty of admitting a former condition of climate, cold enough to permit so vast an extension of glaciers as would be required; and, secondly, that under any circumstances it is difficult or impossible to conceive that glaciers could have existed in the particular situations conjectured, on account of the little declivity which the surface could have had, and which it is assumed is inconsistent with their progression.

But within the memory of persons now living, many glaciers have

undergone surprising variations of extent; and Professor Forbes observes, that the depression of temperature need not, probably, be so very great, as might at first sight appear, in order to cover Switzerland with ice.

A more formidable objection has been drawn from the *small inclination* under which the primitive glaciers must have moved, and carried down their debris. The mean inclination of the entire glacier of the Rhone valley has been estimated by De Charpentier at 1 deg. 8 min.; but the slope of a great part of its course must have been much less, and comparing the height of the erratics near Martigny with those upon the Jura, it is estimated by Elie de Beaumont at only 15 minutes. The mean slope of modern glaciers is certainly much above this, but whether this is essential to their motion or not is another question. A polished stone will not slide down another polished surface at a less angle than 30 degrees; an inclination that is attained very seldom by any glacier; which in addition has to move over a rough surface; it may, therefore, be inferred that the slope has little or nothing to do with the motion of the glacier.

Finally, how, except by glaciers, are we to account for these erratic blocks?

Torrents of water, however powerful, would not have carried them over intervening valleys, to deposit them on the opposite slopes, high above the plain. Besides, had they been carried by water, their edges would not have been left sharp and angular.

By what other process but the gradual melting away of the surface that supported them, could they have been left on the steep side of the hill, often (as at St. Maurice) 500 feet above the valley, across which they have been transported, and fantastically poised on the angles of one another, in positions of such ticklish equilibrium, that any considerable convulsion of nature, whether by earthquake or flood, must inevitably have displaced them. The theory of ice rafts floating on huge inland lakes, by which these blocks were transported like the erratics of the Polar Seas is, at first sight only, more plausible. If we consider, the objections are unanswerable.

1st. Immense changes must have taken place in the contour of the country to permit the existence of such lakes; but the superficial deposit generally shows but little change since the period of the transport of erratics.

2nd. We have no trace of the extent and boundaries of the lake on which they floated.

3rd. The *orderly* distribution of these rocks, consistent with the theory of moraines, is inconsistent with the idea of their floating on icebergs hither and thither, and being wrecked or sunk by chance on any part of the lake.

4th. The supposition of a lake washing the base of the Jura range, and cold enough to maintain a heavy fleet of ice-islands, is very nearly, if not quite as violent an assumption, with respect to change of climate, as that which attributes the transportation of rocky masses to a mere extension of glaciers now existing, which are at this hour depositing terminal moraines of blocks, similar to those upon the Jura, but which are confined to the heads of the valleys which they formerly occupied, as well as the plains beyond.

But zoological and historical evidence alike go to show that the climate of central Europe was probably at an early period of the world's history, far colder than at the present day. Even since the time of the Romans there has, probably, been a marked increase of temperature, since the days when we read of the great rivers of Europe being constantly frozen over. "Ter frigore constitit Ister;" and when, as Cæsar relates, the elk and reindeer, animals requiring an intense cold, used to range the Hercynian Forest, which then overshadowed a great part of Germany and Poland.

The retrogression of the glaciers is, however, contrary to what the observation of what has taken place within man's memory would lead us to expect. The extremity of the icy mass is naturally pushed farther into the plains after a severe winter, followed by a cold damp summer, and in seasons of an opposite nature its tendency is to recede through the greater amount of liquefaction and evaporation; but certainly within the last two centuries, the onward motion has generally prevailed. The Dreckgletcherli Glacier, on the Faulhorn, as also the Blue-snow Glacier, on the Sentis, has congealed quite recently, and is rapidly increasing in size. In a paper of Monsieur Venetz, classifying separately the facts which prove an increase, and those showing a decrease of glaciers in modern times, the former certainly predominate; and he shows that passes the most inaccessible, traversed now but once in twenty years, were frequently passed on foot, sometimes on horseback, between the 11th and 15th centuries. Thus the Protestants of the Haut Valais took their children

across what is now the Great Glacier of Aletsch, to Grindelwald, for baptism; and at the same period horses passed the Monte Moro from Saas into Italy; and the peasantry of Zermatt, at the foot of Monte Rosa, went annually in procession through the Eringer Thal to Sion, by a pass which few inhabitants of either valley would now venture to attempt. "We may regard these facts," says Forbes, "not as forming any proof of the former great extension which carried the glaciers even over to the Jura, but as evidencing one only of many oscillations which the glacier boundaries have undergone; and as important in showing that a very notable enlargement of these boundaries was consistent with the limits of atmospheric temperature, which the European climate cannot materially have overpassed within historic times. It may not, therefore, require so violent a depression of temperature as we might at first sight suppose, to account for any extension of the glaciers which the facts may require us to admit."

THE END.



